

NBA PLAYOFF PICKS: BOSTON AND L.A. IN THE FINALS

GERRY COONEY: HIS BACK IS BACK

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 19, 1992 \$1.50

THE WALRUS BY A WHISKER

**Craig Stadler
Wins The Masters**



QUICK. WHO'S SOLD THE MOST FRONT WHEEL DRIVE CARS IN THE WORLD?



MAZDA



AUDI



CHRYSLER



FIAT



HONDA



FORD



DATSUN



TOYOTA



GENERAL MOTORS



VW

VOILÀ,



RENAULT 5 TURBO



RENAULT ALPINE 310



RENAULT FUEGO



RENAULT 9



Ironically, isn't it? Just when America really needs small, extremely gas-efficient front wheel drive cars, most Americans have never even heard of the world's all-time leader in small, extremely gas-efficient front wheel drive cars: Renault.

RENAULT



But they will. Because Renault is now here in the United States. With a fresh understanding of the needs of U.S. drivers that comes from our alliance with American Motors. Together, we are building a generation of technologically advanced vehicles that will soon have many Americans speaking their first two words of French. "Voilà, Renault."

For more information, we invite you to write us at: Renault USA, 499 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



RENAULT 18

RENAULT 20

RENAULT LE CAR

RENAULT 24

18 WAGON

RENAULT 4

RENAULT 500D

RENAULT
American Motors



THE PRICE OF POWER HAS JUST GONE DOWN \$10.

We've just trimmed the price of the Cutter, our most powerful electric nylon line trimmer.

From March 1 to June 30, 1982, Black & Decker is offering a \$10 rebate on the 12-inch Cutter. And a \$7 rebate on the 10-inch model.

But the price of the Cutter isn't the only thing that will impress you. There's our special feeding system. Just the touch of a button keeps the line at its most powerful cutting length.

So go see your dealer for details. Because the price of power has never been easier to pay.

\$10 off model 8255/ \$7 off model 8251



THE CUTTER REBATE.

Stress can rob you of vitamins

What is stress?

Severe injury or infection, physical overwork, too many martini lunches, fad dieting — any condition that places an unusual demand upon your body constitutes stress and may cause B and C vitamin depletion, if the diet is inadequate.

Vitamins the body can't store.

Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat: fat-soluble and water-soluble. Substantial reserves of the fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in body tissues. But this is not true of most of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C. They should be replaced every day.

When your vitamin needs are increased by stress, your body may use up more B and C vitamins than your usual diet can provide. When that stress is prolonged, a vitamin deficiency can develop.

STRESSTABS 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins can help.

STRESSTABS® 600 has a single purpose: to help you avoid a B-complex and C vitamin deficiency. With 600 mg of vitamin C, and B-complex vitamins, high potency STRESSTABS® 600 can help restore your daily supply of

these important vitamins.

STRESSTABS® 600 also contains the U.S. Recommended Daily Allowance of vitamin E.

A stress formula to meet a woman's need for iron.

STRESSTABS® 600 with Iron combines the basic STRESSTABS formula with 150% of the Recommended Daily Allowance of iron, plus folic acid and more B₆, to help satisfy the special nutritional needs of many young women.

STRESSTABS 600 with Zinc.

Because zinc requirements have also been found to increase during various forms of stress, it has recently been concluded that there are times when your body may need more zinc.

STRESSTABS by Lederle. The Stress Formula Vitamins preferred by physicians.

Doctors have relied upon the quality of Lederle medicines, vaccines and research for over 70 years.

Today, that same quality goes into STRESSTABS®, recommended by doctors more often than any other stress formulas.

Look for the Lederle mark on every STRESSTABS® package. If it doesn't say Lederle, it's not STRESSTABS.®





Who says you need glasses?

Q. How else can I see?

A. Do what millions of others have done—switch to Bausch & Lomb soft contacts.

Q. Can I see as well with soft contacts as with glasses?

A. Since there are no frames, you may see a whole lot better. Bausch & Lomb soft contacts give you a wider field of vision.

Q. What's their main advantage over glasses?

A. Not only do they make you look better, they free you up for things. Like today's sports. It's why so many active people wear them. Unlike glasses, they never fog up or fall off.

Q. But aren't they uncomfortable?

A. Just the reverse. They're so light and comfortable you hardly know they're there. In fact, you have to remember to take them off—for sleeping or swimming.

Q. Isn't it true they pop out?

A. Hard contacts sometimes do. Bausch & Lomb soft contacts rarely do.

Q. How long can they stay in?

A. For regular wearers, from the time you get up in the morning till you go to bed at night.

Q. How often do you clean them?

A. Once a day. It takes about as long as it does to brush your teeth.

Q. Aren't all soft contacts the same?

A. No they're not. Only Bausch & Lomb makes lenses by a unique spinning process which guarantees super smoothness, optical excellence, and incredible thinness for comfort.

Q. Can they be used for astigmatism?

A. Now they can. Bausch & Lomb has recently developed a full line of astigmatic lenses.

Q. Can my budget afford soft contacts?

A. You may be surprised at how inexpensive they've become. Less than a lot of so-called "designer" glasses.

Q. Where can I find out more about them?

A. See your eye doctor. Ask for Bausch & Lomb contacts. They're the most prescribed soft contacts in the world. For more FREE information, write Bausch & Lomb, SOFLENS Division, Dept. 3309-SI, Rochester, NY 14652.

© 1981

BAUSCH & LOMB
First Choice of Eye Doctors

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



FOR BACHMAN, AUGUSTA BECAME SOME KIND OF TSP

Last week was Masters week in Augusta, Ga., of course, and, as it turned out, for SI golf reporter Jane E. Bachman, also affectionately known as Bambi, or Bambi Jane, getting there was quite a bit less than half the fun. Her journey began on Tuesday, the day a freak blizzard struck New York, when she was forced to spend six hours at LaGuardia Airport. Her flight was eventually canceled, and when she tried again on Wednesday, she found the airport had come to resemble a zoo. The line to pick up her new ticket was two hours long, and the line to clear security appeared to be interminable. Bachman got to Augusta 29 hours late, and by the time she arrived she had traveled on nine different forms of transportation. She did, however, make it in time for the coldest, wettest opening day in the history of the Masters.

It was Bachman's third Masters and seventh major championship since she started helping our writers cover these events. Traditionally, our female golf reporters are mistaken for contestants' wives, and Bachman averaged five "wife questions" a day—"Which player do ya belong to?" is the old standard—as she trudged over the soggy fairways.

Bachman, who also serves as SI's deputy chief of research, is particularly well suited to cover golf, having practically been born with a niblick in her

mouth in Wellesley, Mass. Her dad, who nicknamed her in the cradle, is a genuine golf nut, and at age 8 she saw her first major tournament, the 1963 U.S. Open at The Country Club in Brookline. She now dabbles in the game herself. She owns two sets of clubs, the one she lugs on trains to reach Long Island fairways and the second for show—a set with wood shafts that she bought at auction.

But Bachman is hardly a one-sport person; she grew up loving 'em all. "A matter of survival," she says,

"in a household of three brothers." To prepare herself for a career in journalism she naturally majored in French at Mount Holyoke College, though, Bachman says, "I did subscribe to *Sports Illustrated*, which struck all the *Cosmo* readers as pretty funny." She played lacrosse at Holyoke and was left wing on the school's field hockey team, a position she also held down on a pickup team during a year of study in France. Her French teammates hollered at her enough to help her become fluent in the language, and by going cross-country skiing with relatives in Norway and dashing off to sporting events all over Europe she got so she could chat away in Norwegian and German, too.

We're delighted Bachman ultimately found her way to New York and our offices in 1977, and Senior Writer Dan Jenkins was particularly delighted that she found her way to Augusta last week, enabling him to stay in the locker room and keep warm on that messy Thursday. Bachman herself says, "I don't think I'll ever make a tremendous contribution until Bernhard Langer or Philippe Pouloux wins a tournament, or until the next great Norwegian golfer comes along."

Philip D. Harker

The possible dream.



Out there. Just you and the crew on whatever adventure you dream.

Sightseeing. Exploring. Camping that remote beach you might only reach by water.

Go ahead and dream. Then let your Mercury® dealer make it possible with your own boat and motor. For a lot less than you think.

Mercury's been building dream machines for over 40 years. Innovating. Testing and re-testing. Perfecting the manufacture of our outboards. To keep them running wherever you're running.

The lasting value of your Merc makes it a solid investment, too. Backed by a year-long warranty on parts and labor. Honored at over 6,000 dealers worldwide.

Dream your adventures.

All the way to your Mercury dealer. He's the one who knows how to make dreams come true.

Mercury Marine
Ford & Loe, Wisconsin
Canada, Australia, Belgium,
Mexico



MERCURY
OUTBOARDS

MERCUAIR COMPANY



21st Century. The great looking golf shoe that looks great rain or shine.



For free mini-catalog
write Foot-Joy, Dept. 83,
Brockton, MA 02403

Crafted by Foot-Joy of an incredible porousness that looks and feels like real leather, 21st Century golf shoes come up gleaming with a little soap and a damp cloth. Choose from 16 styles in our new mini-catalog featuring all 249 shoes by Foot-Joy

Foot-Joy.

WEIGHTLIFTING, PURE AND SIMPLE.



For a free Soloflex® brochure call 1-800-453-9000
or write Soloflex, Hillsboro, Oregon 97123

24 traditional barbell, pulldown and freebody stations. \$495.00

Shopwalk

by WILLIAM DISESA

TWO CASSETTES OF GOLF AND TENNIS STRESS VISUAL, NOT VERBAL, LESSONS

Although some attempt has been made to incorporate video techniques into tennis and golf instruction, today's typical lesson is still delivered verbally. But studies have proved that athletes learn physical skills more quickly through visual images. As a result, Steven DeVore, with his brother, Gregory, an M.D., has developed SyberVision, a pair of instructional cassettes for home video machines that give the student a visual instead of spoken golf or tennis lesson. Former Wimbledon champion Stan Smith and golfer Al Geiberger appear on the tapes.

On the screen, Smith and Geiberger perform various shots. Parts of their bodies are then highlighted electronically to reduce the movements to their basic components. Instruction in concentration and relaxation techniques is included to aid quick absorption of the lessons.

The idea for SyberVision was planted in Steven DeVore's head during a childhood bout with polio when his training regimen included watching people walk. Years later, when he had fully recovered and was studying to become an educational psychologist, he noticed how much better he performed athletically immediately after seeing pros on TV. Neurological studies backed up his intuitive theories, and SyberVision ensued.

Further research with the Stanford tennis team confirmed that the tapes produced positive results even among skilled players. Peter Rennert and Tim Mayotte, two recent NCAA champions from Stanford who are now on the pro tour, both used SyberVision. Stanford Tennis Coach Dick Gould was impressed enough to say, "The system has the potential to help create a superior athlete."

Stan Smith, a firm believer in SyberVision, adds, "The program won't replace the coaching pro but it's a valuable supplement to on-court instruction."

SyberVision (video cassette and workbook) is available for \$150 per sport plus handling through SyberVision Systems, Inc., 2450 Washington Ave., Suite 270, San Leandro, Calif. 94577.

END



When you have a question on a bill, you'll get
some human understanding.

You've got the Card.



This is not a recording. American Express® Card customer service telephones are answered by real live people. Sure, the service centers are equipped with some amazing computers, but we count on our people to be equipped with brains of their own, as well. So they're expected and authorized to use their judgement and initiative to solve

billing problems, and to explain the many services that go along with Card-membership. To answer questions or find out where the answers are. All this to be done as quickly, as professionally, and, of course, as humanly as possible. So when you need help, we'll understand. Don't leave home without it.®





Come to where the flavor is.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine — 100's: 16 mg "tar,"
1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '91

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Light yards ahead of the competition.

The Longest Ball is now 10 yards longer. Ten yards longer than the last Longest Ball you ever hit.

That's right, the new improved Top-Flite[®] and higher trajectory Top-Flite XL[®] are longer off the woods and longer off the irons. Once again, longer tee to green,* than any leading ball.

Where's all this distance coming from? Well, in part, Top-Flite's new

aerodynamic dimple design and new high-energy Surlyn[®] cover are responsible.

The rest? Wouldn't the competition like to know?

The Longest Ball is now 10 yards longer.



Top-Flite[®]

Best tested standard long drive ball.
Best tee-to-green by 10-2 yards.
Best flighted off by 10-4 yards.
Best flighted on by 5 yards.
Best off by 1-2 yards.
Best flighted on by 1-2 yards.

Top-Flite XL[®]

Best Wilson product for 1-2 yards.
Best tee-to-green by 10-2 yards.
Best flighted off by 10-4 yards.
Best flighted on by 5 yards.
Best off by 1-2 yards.
Best flighted on by 1-2 yards.

*As tested by the Golf Club Professional Association.
Comparison of Top-Flite and Titleist, TaylorMade, Wilson, and Callaway balls.
Top-Flite XL and Top-Flite standard balls.
Top-Flite XL and Top-Flite standard balls.
Top-Flite XL and Top-Flite standard balls.

QUESTOR
SPALDING

1990 Spalding Corp.

TOP-FLITE

1

STOP THE MUSIC

The brushback pitch is a time-honored and legitimate weapon in baseball, but trying to hit a batter or pitching close to his head has no place in the game. This truth apparently hasn't been imparted to Chicago Cub Pitcher Dickie Noles. You may remember Noles as the fellow who, as a Phillies reliever, knocked down George Brett on an 0 and 2 count in the fourth game of the 1980 World Series with what is blithely called "chin music." Last week Noles was playing that old song again. In the fourth inning of a 6-2 Cub loss to the Reds, he gave up a solo homer to Paul Householder for the game's first run. The next batter was Clint Hurdle, and Noles got two strikes on him. The next pitch hit Hurdle on the helmet, just above the right eye. For a moment Hurdle lay motionless on the ground. Fortunately, he was only stunned and was able to walk off the field, although not before both dugouts emptied and angry words were exchanged.

Noles denies he deliberately threw at Hurdle's head, just as he denied doing so when he knocked down Brett and when he beamed the Mets' Bob Bailor last season, giving Bailor a mild concussion. "It doesn't make sense that I'd be throwing at Hurdle on an oh-two count," he said. "That pitch just took off and sailed. You're not going to be throwing at a guy's head."

In support of Noles's disavowal of malevolent intent, it might be pointed out that he has only so-so control; he walked four batters in the 5½ innings he worked against the Reds, giving him 107 walks in 235 innings during his three-year career. But it should also be noted that in the same short span Noles has earned a nasty reputation. In 1980 he tossed a bat and helmet at Umpire Joe West and was fined \$500 and suspended for three days by National League President Chub Feeney. Last spring he spit tobacco juice—accidentally, he said—on a reporter. In September 1981 he and Phillies General Manager Paul Owens got into a spat in a Chicago hotel that resulted in Owens' arrest for disorderly conduct. The charge was dropped, and Noles, who wasn't arrested, describes the

altercation as "a mild argument." Noles also got into a fight last season with a Des Moines, Iowa restaurateur. Noles was found guilty of assault and was fined \$25 plus court costs; he's now being sued by the other man.

Noles also has a feud going with his nemesis of last week, Householder. In April 1981, when both were playing in the American Association, Householder and Noles exchanged angry words during a game, then scuffled during pregame warmups the next day. When they faced each other later in the season, Noles hit Householder in the ribs with a pitch and subsequently was ejected by the plate umpire for throwing a curve behind one of Householder's teammates. Householder says that during the fight between the two, Noles jumped him from behind. Although Noles denies that, he told reporters who brought up Householder's name last week, "Bleep him. I decked him before and I'll deck him again if he comes after me."

In determining whether a pitcher might be throwing at batters, one has to judge intent, which isn't always easy to do. But given Noles's history and the circumstances under which he beamed Hurdle, Umpire Dick Stello should have unhesitatingly thumbed him from the game. Further, before someone is seriously hurt, Feeney should take strong measures to put an end to Noles's chin music once and for all.

STRANGE PERSPECTIVE

While gathered in Bloomington, Ind. for the April 3 wedding of Robert F. Kennedy Jr. to Emily Black, members of the Kennedy clan maintained family tradition by finding time for a game of touch football. But Greg Dawson, a columnist for the Bloomington *Herald-Telephone*, who also played in the game, came away from the experience convinced that one family member, Stephen Smith Jr., a cousin of the groom, has a poor sense of history. After the game Dawson apologized for being less than Kennedyesque at football, adding, "My game is basketball." In words that had a strange, not to say impolitic, ring in the home state of, to

mention a few, John Wooden, Don Schlundt, Slick Leonard, Clyde Lovellette, Oscar Robertson, Terry Dischinger, Rick Mount, George McGinnis and Kent Benson, Smith replied, "Yeah, I guess basketball is the big thing in Indiana since Larry Bird."

DON'T RAIN ON THIS PARADE

When boasting enthusiasts in Tucson get a hankering for action, they usually hitch their boats to trailers and undertake an eight-hour drive northwest through the



Arizona desert to Lake Mead or a four-hour trip down to the Gulf of California. Making waves on the Rillito River, which passes through their city, is ordinarily out of the question. Note that we said that the Rillito "passes" not "flows." The Rillito can turn into a trickle after a heavy rain or into something resembling a navigable body of water following flash floods, but its wide, sandy-bottomed bed is dry the rest of the time.

This luck of water hasn't prevented a Tucson radio station, KCEE, from sponsoring the first annual Rillito River Regatta, on May 30. As KCEE envisions it, dune buggies and other desert vehicles will be decorated to look like boats and will be driven in a motorcade down the dry riverbed. Food will be sold, and there will be exhibits on flood control and water conservation. Proceeds from entry

continued

IF YOU'VE GOT THE WATTS,



© 1997 General Motors. Buckle up, America! Buckle up for safety. Buckle up for the future.

WE'VE GOT THE TAPE.



To get the most out of today's high performance stereos, you need a high performance tape.

Maybe that's why so many manufacturers of top-rated tape decks recommend Maxell. Our tape is designed to help good equipment live up to its specifications.

Unlike ordinary tape, Maxell can handle sudden bursts of power without any distortion. And it can deliver the extreme highs and lows that sometimes get left behind.

So if you'd like to get the most out of your sound system, try Maxell. But a word of caution. Always keep your seat belt securely fastened.



IT'S WORTH IT.

fees and program advertising will be earmarked for the Pima County Search and Rescue Council, which answers emergency calls in local mountains. Though the county board of supervisors has given its approval to the event, County Transportation Director Charles Huckelberry, whose surname evokes a certain riparian association, warns of one possible hitch. Owing to the potential danger to participants, the regatta will be canceled if there's any chance of water being in the river that day.

A PERFECT SUNDAY AFTERNOON

For the benefit of fellow runners, SI Reporter Lisa Twyman, a five-mile-a-dayer, notes that the May issue of *The Runner* contains "a wealth of fascinating stuff." Her memo on some of it:

"A pathologist in L.A. is saying that it's good to be fat—or at least chubby. This fellow has studied the corpses of quite a few dearly departed runners and concludes that the combination of high mileage and eating like a gerbil killed them. Consequently, he's doing his best to shatter the thin-is-healthy myth.

"The magazine also contains the results of a survey it conducted on sex and running. Some of the more intriguing results—aside from the fact that 3,140 thinking human beings stooped to answer the 33-item questionnaire published in an earlier issue—are that 26.5% of the respondents actually say they'd rather give up sex than running, 47.5% spend more time thinking about running than about sex, 82.2% think about sex while running, 18.9% think about running during sex and 62.7% describe a perfect Sunday afternoon as one consisting of a run, a shower with one's mate, a bottle of wine and soft music. By comparison, only 11.1% consider that a run, a shower, a few beers and catching a track meet on TV constitutes perfection.

"Finally, you've no doubt noticed that a lot of runners are listening to music on Walkmans—shouldn't they be Runmans?—and similar tape players. Well, a company called Listening for Pleasure hopes to interest runners in cassettes featuring dramatic readings of works of literature, including Shakespeare. This company also offers a tape of the great bard Sebastian Coe, reading from his biography, *Running Free*. My hunch is that the Listening for Pleasure people will have trouble persuading the 82.2% of

runners who occupy themselves while running by thinking about sex to turn to either Shakespeare or Coe."

CAULKINS, WEISSMULLER & RAWLS

Under happier circumstances, Johnny Weissmuller probably would have been on hand to offer congratulations—and no doubt to let loose with a Tarzan yell or two—when his record of 36 national individual swimming titles was broken in Gainesville, Fla. last week by Tracy Caulkins, whose four victories in the four-day U.S. short-course championships left her with 39 for her career (page 70). But Weissmuller was too ill to make it. Now 77, he has suffered several strokes and lives with his wife, Maria, in Acapulco, Mexico. According to a recent visitor, Buck Dawson, executive director of the International Swimming Hall of Fame, Weissmuller is confined to a wheelchair, speaks only with difficulty and is under 24-hour nursing care.

Unlike Weissmuller, Katherine Rawls, who died last week in Belle Glade, Fla. at the age of 64, did have a chance to congratulate Caulkins. Rawls was a uniquely versatile athlete who in the 1930s amassed 28 individual swimming titles, which until Caulkins overtook both of them last year was second on the alltime women's list to Ann Curtis' 30, and for good measure also won five national diving titles. Rawls and Caulkins got together when both were honored last Nov. 14 by the University of Florida during halftime of the Gators' 33-12 football win over Kentucky. Rawls because she was a longtime resident of the Sunshine State, Caulkins because she's a freshman on the Gator swim team. It's a tribute to both Weissmuller and Rawls that it took so long for someone to surpass their records, which were compiled in the '20s and '30s, respectively. It's a tribute to Caulkins that she was the one to do it.

LEFT IN THE STARTING BLOCKS

As basketball games go, Athens (Ohio) High School's 72-49 win this past season over Waverly High was a yawner. But what do you expect of a game in which Athens led 7-0 before Waverly even got a chance to touch the ball? It seems that Waverly had entered the wrong uniform numbers in the official scorebook, with the result that one technical foul was as-

sessed against each of its starters before play began. Athens' Sieve Bruning made all five of the resulting free throws, and the Bulldogs' Mike Croci then got a basket on the inbound play that, because of the technicals, replaced the game-opening jump ball. Waverly fans could at least console themselves that Croci hadn't scored a three-point play. That would have put their team eight points down before they even touched the ball, which would have been a world record almost for sure.

A VERY BRIEF DIALOGUE

While broadcasting an 8-6 loss to the California Angels Thursday night, A's radio announcers Bill King and Lon Simmons had an exchange that may have plowed new ground in both linguistics and logic:

King: "... the batter missed three straight breaking balls."

Simmons: "If they were straight breaking balls, maybe that's why he missed them."

THEY SAID IT

◆ Doug Plank, Chicago Bear safety, promising to heed new Coach Mike Ditka's plea for team unity, something not always apparent on Bear teams in the past: "This year I'm going to learn the names of all the guys who play on offense. This year we might even cheer each other."

◆ Marvin Miller, executive director of the Major League Players Association, when asked if a series of seminars that his organization was conducting for player agents had been well attended: "Yes, they're free."

◆ Pat Williams, Philadelphia 76ers general manager, on his business relationship with owner Harold Katz: "He signed me to a multiday contract."

◆ Julie Simpson, Arizona State women's basketball coach, after losing 92-54 to Louisiana Tech, the eventual NCAA champions, in the Midwest Regionals: "It's really difficult to talk to a team at halftime when you're behind 50-18."

◆ Gary Fallon, Washington & Lee football coach, before a drawing to determine which student would get to throw a pie at him for the benefit of charity: "I hope one of my senior quarterbacks gets drawn, so the pie will be intercepted before it gets to my face."

END

The Etonic DIFFERENCE.



THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY ADVANCE SINCE THE INVENTION OF THE SPIKE.

What makes THE DIFFERENCE so different?



Conventional THE DIFFERENCE

It's Etonic® engineering and a unique technological approach to golf shoe design. Extensive biomechanical research and analysis of the foot during the golf swing have produced The Etonic Difference™—the golf shoe designed to help you play better golf.

It's a power/ balance difference.

Power and balance are essential to a smooth, solid swing. Research shows that forces in a right handed swing are directed from the inside of the right foot to the outside of the left, so that's where we put most of the spikes.

To maximize swing speed, we added the Dr. Rob Roy McGregor Power Lateral Arch Support® which positions the right foot in a power-hitting stance.

*Patent Pending. THE DIFFERENCE™ is available for men and women, right-handed models only.

It's a support/comfort difference.

The unique Etonic Foot Cradle provides your feet with featherweight cushioning and un-



paralleled heel and arch support. Add Etonic's triple density wedge sole, our exclusive spike-free "flex zone" and wide, roomy toe box and you have the ultimate support/comfort system.

It's a waterproof/ leather difference.

Soft, natural leathers with specially sealed seams keep out water and give your feet dry walking comfort hole after hole.

The Difference.

Now offered in a choice of thirteen different styles and colors. Discover the winning difference it can make in your game.



Etonic
Winning never felt better.

Up To Par When He Had To Be

The Masters' last holes had worked their devilment on Craig Stadler's six-shot lead. But in sudden death he got down in regulation and Dan Pohl did not.

by DAN JENKINS

It was a goofy Masters that could have been won by any number of speed skaters or snorkelers or tree-climbers, but in the end it went to the man who probably deserved it the most, Craig Stadler. All week long on a frustrating golf course he combined the best shots with the greatest amount of luck. When Stadler finally clinched his victory over Dan Pohl at dusk last Sunday on the first sudden-death playoff hole, the big problem around Augusta, Ga. was whether anybody could find a green jacket to fit a walrus.

Stadler is nicknamed the Walrus because he is built like a freezer and he has a mustache that is only slightly smaller than the forest around Lake Tahoe, where he lives. But over much of the four rounds of last week's tournament he didn't really look like anything but the very fine golfer he is. Stadler can do an irate on you at times, but he kept that part of his personality under firm control, give or take a snarl. The rest of the time he defied his appearance by stroking putts across the glassy and puzzling Augusta National greens with the delicacy of a heart surgeon, and he hit some irons and woods and recovery shots that you could build monuments to.

After three rounds, it was Stadler's tournament to win or lose, because he had survived the two-day opening 18 with a 75 and then added a three-under 69 and a five-under 67 to take a three-stroke lead into the final day. And after nine holes on Sunday, Stadler seemed intent on sending everyone

continued





to the veranda earlier than usual. He strolled to the 10th tee with a whopping six-shot lead. To be exact, Stadler was half a dozen strokes ahead of Seve Ballesteros, Tom Kite and Tom Weiskopf. He was also six shots ahead of Pohl, but who cared? Even if you knew that Pohl was the longest hitter on the tour and even if you had noticed that on Saturday he'd made back-to-back eagles at the 13th and 14th holes and followed them with back-to-back birdies on the 15th and 16th, you also knew that he was playing in his first Masters, and that he puts cross-handed, and that he wasn't going to catch up by firing any 61.

Thirty minutes later things were even clearer. Stadler had parred 10 and 11, and he had a four-stroke lead with only seven holes to play, and now that lead was over Pohl alone. Evil things had befallen Weiskopf—two triple bogeys, for instance—while Ballesteros and Kite were either starting to lose strokes or not making a move, and Jerry Pate was yet to get back into the picture after looking for most of the week like the guy with the best chance of making a run at Stadler.

Now there were only two things to consider, history and the fact that the closing holes at Augusta can always make something happen. Golfers have blown leads as large as the one Stadler held in a major championship—just ask Arnold Palmer. In the 1966 U.S. Open at the Olympic Club in San Francisco, Palmer



Pohl flipped his ball away at 18, waited an hour to find out he was in a playoff.

Augusta was wet several ways Thursday.



gave away six shots to Billy Casper over the last six holes and eventually lost in the playoff. In the 1937 Masters, Ralph Guldahl lost six strokes—and the tournament—to Byron Nelson over just two holes on jolly old Amen Corner.

But Stadler wasn't thinking any more about history than he was about Pohl at this point. As his wife, Sue, said to a friend out on the course, "Isn't it nice that Dan Pohl's doing well this week?"

If Stadler was thinking about anything, it was Ed Sneed, with whom he had been paired in 1979 when Sneed bogeyed the last three holes without hitting a truly bad shot and let slide a three-stroke lead. That Masters wound up in the lap of a bewildered Fuzzy Zoeller.

It didn't matter all that much then that Pohl, playing three groups ahead of Stadler, went on and made some more birdies and ended the round with his second consecutive 67 and the tournament with a 284, which was four under par. Swell. It would earn him a nice check. What was going to matter was

how Stadler would stay out of trouble and nurse along his lead in case Pate or Ballesteros suddenly went on a birdie binge and put a little heat on him.

Well, here's how you squander a six-stroke lead on the always-capricious back nine at Augusta. Stadler hit safely over the water on the evil little par-3 12th, but he hit too far over the water and left himself a nasty chip. He chipped short and missed an eight-foot par putt. Bogeys. He tried to make a bogey or something worse at the par-5 13th when he sent an unwise four-iron shot into the creek in front of the green. But the ball skipped over the water and wound up on the grass below the green, and he was able to escape with a par. Why did he go for the green?

"I wanted to make a birdie," Stadler said later. Oh, O.K.

Onward to the 14th. Stadler drove into the trees on the right of the fairway, but as in so many similar situations earlier in the week, he was able to punch out and up to the back of the green. Stadler punched out of a few forests during the

tournament, always getting good results. And he blasted out of most of the bunkers he found and got good results, such as holing out for a birdie at the 10th on Saturday, the day he began to move away from Curtis Strange, who had been tied for the lead with him after 36 holes. At the 14th on Sunday, however, his putter started to fail him. He three-putted. Another bogey.

Stadler had a chance for a birdie at the 15th after getting safely over the water and after hitting a bunker shot that should have given him better position than the slick green gave him. But once again, the putt eased by the cup.

Finally, then, at the par-3 16th hole last week's Masters erupted with all of the three-cornered drama, suspense and insanity for which the tournament is famed. Pohl was in the scorer's tent at four-under when Pate put a gorgeous six-iron close enough to the flag to get himself to three-under, after which Stadler put himself into a bunker from which it would be next to impossible to save par.

Pate made the birdie putt, and although Stadler hit a beautiful sand shot, the slope of the green took his ball down the hill and away from the cup. Birdie-bogey, two-shot swing. Stadler five-under, Pohl four, Pate three, two holes to play. Anything could happen—and did.

Pate did not birdie either of the last two holes and, therefore, although he had played as stylishly in the Masters as he had in winning the Tournament Players Championship last month, he could not catch Pohl, much less Stadler. Only Stadler could catch Pohl by going backward, and that was what he did on 18.

The smart play, especially with a one-stroke lead in the Masters, on Augusta's 18th hole, a par-4 with bunkers on the left and trees on the right, is to keep the lumber out of your hand on the tee. Hit a long iron short of the sand, don't flirt with danger. Not Stadler, who is as brave a fellow as he is a talented shotmaker. He took out the old driver and slapped the ball perfectly into the heart of the fairway with a little left-to-right control. Five-iron to the green. He put a good swing on the five-iron as well and got it to the upper ledge of the green, a green where men had been having big trouble all week.

Stadler wasn't worried about the 30-foot putt on 18. He had two putts to win a title, which had started belonging to him on Saturday when he rolled in birdies on the last three greens. Those putts had

stretched from his ball mark to Macon. But just when he didn't need to do it, Stadler put a stroke on the ball that was uglier than his golf bag back in 1979 when it advertised Taylor's Prime Steaks, the restaurant in Los Angeles where he had met his wife. He left the putt six feet short of the hole.

If Pohl wasn't putting on his golf glove then, he should have been. Stadler's putt looked like a coughing spell. His par putt to win in regulation with an even-par 72 and total of 283 came about as close to going in the hole as a walrus would to fitting in Stadler's locker. It didn't even scare the cup.

When the frantic hordes went galloping over to the 10th hole to watch the playoff, Stadler had a chance to see Sue on his way to the tee. She was as calming as she had been the night before when they had eaten leftovers for dinner, as calming as she had been Sunday morning when they took their 2-year-old son, Kevin, on an Easter egg hunt.

Stadler looked at her as if to say, "What do you have to do to win this thing?" She only smiled and said, "Come on, babe, there are only two of you now—you can do it."

Stadler nailed a perfect drive and he nailed a perfect six-iron and he two-putted perfectly from 40 feet, and the par was good enough. Pohl did what Dan Pohl is supposed to do the first time around. He hit a poor approach, a poor chip and a poor putt, and bogeyed.

The Walrus couldn't even look happy about it just then. He was emotionally drained. He couldn't believe that winning had been so difficult. "I was hitting good shots," he would argue.

In a Masters that saw the first round carried over into Friday because of a downpour, in a Masters that was colder than anyone could remember, in a Masters that had the fastest greens since the old rye-and-dirt surfaces of the late '40s and early '50s, there were many more losers than young Dan Pohl. To play the "if" game for a moment, Weiskopf could say that if it hadn't been for triple bogeys at the 10th and 13th holes on Sunday, he would have tied at 284. Kite could say that if he hadn't double-bogeyed No. 4 in the second round and interrupted his Sunday charge with a bogey, of all things, at the birdieable 15th, he would have tied at 284. Mark Hayes, who four-putted the 18th on Friday after starting out with a six-foot birdie attempt, could say that if

he hadn't made three double bogeys he would have tied at 284. Pate could say that if he hadn't made two double bogeys earlier in the week, he would have won at 283. Ballesteros could say that if he hadn't stupidly double-bogeyed the easy



Pate's charge was too little and too late.

15th in the second round, he would have won at 283. Then there was Jack Nicklaus. Since he hit more greens in regulation than anyone, Nicklaus, whose 69 led by three after the first round, could say that if he hadn't putted like Barbara...

Hey guys, wait a minute. Craig Stadler made three double bogeys himself last week down there in Georgia. He just did more things right than the rest of you **END**

For a close-up look at Craig Stadler and his rise to Mastery, turn to page 40.

Now All Is Right With Cooney's Left

It was with almost an air of relief that Gerry Cooney informed a small audience in a temporary gym at upstate New York's Concord Hotel last Friday that it wasn't his fault he wouldn't be able to spar that day. "My trainer is very sick," explained Cooney, who, his massive back muscles willing, will fight WBC heavyweight champion Larry Holmes for the title on June 11 in Las Vegas. The challenger knows full well that the once-postponed megabuck fight cannot withstand another hint of damage to his 6' 6", 228-pound body.

Because of assorted back ailments, Cooney had to cancel first a December fight against Joe Bugner and then a January exhibition against Bugner. And subsequently his aching back forced the cancellation of a March 15 date with the skeptical Holmes. After taking a standing eight-count, the title fight—for which the combatants will each earn \$10 million—was rescheduled for June. "It's all a damn plot," Holmes has fumed. "Right from the start they were hollering to fight in June and, damn it, they got their way. I

The contender's shoulder has healed, so he and champion Larry Holmes can get it on for the heavyweight title on June 11 **by PAT PUTNAM**

thought from the start that injury was jive, and I still believe it."

The injury, as described by Dr. Edwin Campbell of the New York State Athletic Commission, was "a tearing of the erector spina, those muscles posteriorly attached to the upper vertebrae in the dorsal region and to the trapezius muscles. The injury is all in the back but has to do with the muscles that comprise the shoulder girdle. That means when Cooney uses his shoulder, he feels the pain in his back."

The shoulder Cooney indirectly injured was his left, which is the side from which Cooney, a converted southpaw, has unloaded the heaviest shots of a career that includes 22 knockouts and a 25-0 record. But the power of his left hook, while reducing his rivals to helplessness, has left him woefully short on experience. He has spent a total of 15 minutes, 43 seconds in the ring against

three elderly opponents since mid-December of 1979. And since Oct. 24, 1980, when he knocked out Ron Lyle, 38, in 2:49 of the first round, he has toiled exactly 54 seconds, all the time he needed to render Ken Norton, 36 going on 41, senseless on May 11, 1981. In his 25 bouts, Cooney has fought only 64 complete rounds and parts of 22 others.

"That sucker ain't even paid his dues," snapped Holmes before putting on exhibitions against three sparring partners last week in Cleveland, the first stop on a cross-country promotional tour designed to rekindle interest in Holmes vs. Cooney. "And he has the nerve to fight me. During a press conference in New York a couple of weeks ago I was going to slap him alongside the head, but I was afraid he'd wake up and run away."

Holmes, who won't begin training seriously until early May, laughed. "Actually, I wasn't really going to slap him," he



said. "I was just trying to hype the damn fight. Don King said it was dying and that I'd better get somethin' going—to put on a show like Ali used to do. Hell, the fight was dying. Pay-per-view TV was pulling out, taking back its letters of credit. So I acted up. I started yelling at Cooney, trying to raise a little hell, and he just sat there and glared at me. Later he was telling somebody he felt like punching me in the mouth. I told him, 'Hey, sucker, why are you saying that stuff now? Why didn't you say it when they was snappin' the pictures?' Now I got to work my poor butt off and run all over the world promoting this thing because he's too dumb. Hell, I'm tired already."

"No sense in giving ourselves," admitted King, who's promoting the bout. "This fight was just about out. My credibility was at an alltime low. Larry was really anguished about it, let down. With him barking at me and the other guy not being able to explain his injuries, it was just about dead, man. I had to run around promising people that it was really going to happen. I ran myself reckless. Now Larry has got to get out and do some work, to keep busy."

"We got a nice tour mapped out for Gerry, too. He'll be in Los Angeles, Phoenix, Dallas, Houston, maybe a couple of other places. He wants to have his St. Patrick's Day celebration at Caesars Palace on July 11th." There was a moment's pause, then the correction. "Of course, I mean June 11th."

Cooney knows the date, and he knows what he has to do to get ready. He has been working on rehabilitating the torn muscle since Feb. 17, the day he was told by three orthopedic physicians that he could forget about fighting Holmes in March. The same medical trio examined Cooney on March 26 and found the muscle tear remarkably well healed. He was told he could resume using the left arm, but very sparingly at first.

"I think Gerry learned his lesson," says one of his co-managers, Dennis Rapaport. "He first tore the muscle on Jan. 11, right after he went back into training for the exhibition with Bugner. In his first round of sparring he knocked down Walter Santemore, and nobody knocks him down. Then in the second

round he threw a hook over a right hand and felt an intense pain. He should have stopped right then. But he wanted to finish out the round."

Cooney remembers the moment. "The pain was terrible, but only for a moment," he says. "Then I tried to throw another hook and it was excruciating."

But it was nothing like the pain he felt

with four rounds of midweek sparring. He worked two rounds with Santemore on Wednesday, two more on Thursday. He was far from hopped, but "The arm felt great!" he exulted. "Not a twinge of pain. It felt real good to throw hooks and jabs again. But I'm in no hurry. The doctors said the worst time is when you first feel good. It's like when you have a cold and



In Cleveland, Holmes (left) worked with three sparring partners, including Jody Ballard.

the day they told him the fight would have to be postponed. "I couldn't believe the things the people were saying," Cooney said. "That I was scared. That I was only fighting for the money. Damn, the easiest thing for me to do was what everybody said I should be doing: just to go in and fight. If I was only looking for the money I would have fought and not said a thing about the injury. But I didn't want to screw the people, and boxing, and myself. So I took the long way, the hard way. I said, 'I can't fight.' Holmes said I was scared, but I was only scared that the fight would never take place. You never know what Holmes is going to do. He could've said, 'Screw Gerry Cooney, he had his chance.' But scared to fight him? No way. If I was scared, why would I have signed to fight him in the first place?"

Before Victor Valle, Cooney's 65-year-old trainer, awoke last Friday with a 103° temperature, the 12th challenger to Holmes's crown had tested the left arm

then you start to feel better. You want to rush out and do things, and you get sick again. Not this time. My conditioning is great. I'll work into sparring gradually. This time I'll do it right."

Friday, without Valle working at ringside, he refused to step up his sparring, as he was scheduled to do. Instead, he was content to put in six rounds of playing pitch and catch in the ring with his No. 2 trainer, Victor Valle Jr., who is at least a foot shorter than Cooney. Armed with undersized catcher's mitts, the younger Valle mostly attacked as Cooney practiced picking off the intended blows. The Associated Press mistakenly reported that Cooney had sparred six rounds. No matter. The major news of the week was that the giant had resumed training, that the fight was on.

"When I wake up my fingers are crossed," King said. "When those two men climb into that ring and the bell rings I'll look up and say, 'Thank you, sweet Jesus, thank you.'"

END

Trainer Victor Valle was ill Friday, so Cooney played pitch and catch with Victor Jr.



New Parts For The Big Red Machine

The battery was dead on the Big Red Machine. This was no joke, as Arnie Metz could have told you at the time. A member of the Cincinnati Reds maintenance staff, Metz had to drive team mascot Mr. Red in the Findlay Market Opening Day Parade. But once Metz got to the starting point, the van, officially designated Big Red Machine No. 3, refused to start up. So the van sat on Race Street, hood up, as the parade of sausage companies, breweries and politicians floated by. At one point a parader looked at the Big Dead Machine and said, "Uh-oh, I think we're in trouble."

Cincinnati has been fretting about its Reds since the end of last season, the one in which they finished with the best record in baseball (66-42) and—just in case anybody wants to hear this again—**DIDN'T MAKE THE PLAYOFFS**. Cincinnatians have every right to worry, because they invest an inordinate amount of civic pride in the team. And five starters from the team with the best record in baseball are gone. The town wants to make sure the man with the jumper cables—Reds President Dick Wagner—has

Despise having the best record in baseball last year, Cincinnati made some drastic roster changes during the off-season **by STEVE WULF**

connected the positive to the positive.

Wagner is commonly portrayed as being forbidding and cold, which may stem in part from the fact that he used to run the Ice Capades, but nobody has doubted his acumen. At least it hadn't been doubted until he let Ken Griffey, Dave Collins and George Foster all go to one team or another in New York.

Wagner kept Bernie Stowe, the equipment manager, busy in the off-season. "Very busy," says Stowe, who had to order uniforms for seven new players. Having already lost Collins to free agency and having virtually given Griffey to the Yanks a week before he was to become a free agent, Wagner needed outfielders. He traded Third Baseman Ray Knight to Houston for Cesar Cedeño and Pitcher

Scott Brown to the Royals for Clint Hurdle. Wagner hated to lose the hard-nosed Knight, but that trade also opened up a position for Johnny Bench to play. Then, on Feb. 10, Foster was dealt to the Mets for pitchers Jim Kern and Greg Harris and Catcher Alex Treviño. Treviño was needed because opposing runners were taking liberties with Joe Nolan's arm. Nolan has since been shipped to Baltimore.

Wagner is the cover story in the April issue of *Cincinnati* magazine, which bills him as "The Man Cincinnati Loves to Hate." After all, he also let Peteey Rose, hometown hero, go, as well as Joe Morgan and Tony Perez. On the other hand, Wagner has rewarded two leftover parts of the Machine generously. Last year he

A lot of unfamiliar names stepped out to meet the Cincinnati fans on Opening Day.

gave the Reds' first guaranteed contract to Shortstop Dave Concepcion, five years for \$4.5 million. Last week, at the risk of being labeled a silly sentimentalist, he signed Bench to a three-year pact worth close to a million a year.

Why did he break up the team with the best record in baseball? "If you sit on your tail, you get beat," says Wagner. "I remember all hell broke loose after the '71 season when Bob Howsam [Wagner's predecessor and mentor and still the Reds' vice-chairman] traded Lee May and Tommy Helms for Joe Morgan, Cesar Geronimo, and Jack Billingham.

"I think we had become too staid last year. Everybody knew who was going to play. We were very mediocre defensively, and the players were running base to base—nobody was going from first to third. We wanted to get people who love to play."

Baseball people are forever arguing whether they'd rather have a team with great talent or a team with great character. How well the Reds do this year may help settle that debate. Cincinnati can crow forever about how it was robbed by the split season, but the truth is that when the Reds were in a position to win the

second-half title in the closing days, they folded.

On Opening Day last week, Manager John McNamara filled out a very different lineup card from the one he had the year before. Second Baseman Ron Oester led off, instead of Collins. First Baseman Dan Driessen was second. Only Concepcion, hitting third, was in his old spot. Cedeño hit cleanup, then Bench, rookie Rightfielder Paul Householder, Hurdle and Treviño.

Up in the stands, the guys from the Cincinnati College of Mortuary Science (Motto: "We're the last ones to ever let you down") gravely assessed the team. "Dick Wagner must be the smartest man in baseball," said one apprentice undertaker. "He traded half the team and can still fill the stadium. Actually, I'm glad to see Foster and Collins replaced by people who are more interested in playing baseball than in negotiating contracts."

Two fellows on the field level were eating their peanuts whole, shell and all. One of them, an electrical contractor from Sidney, Ohio, contended that he wouldn't miss Foster, saying, "He never put out on defense. He walked as soon as he got to the warning track. Must have been in his contract, I like Householder. Runs his butt off. He'll come through when it's on the line."

All traces of Foster seem to have disappeared from Cincinnati. At the Reds' gift shop downtown, the salesgirl, when asked what happened to all the Foster buttons and posters, gleefully replied, "They were destroyed."

Hurdle, the new leftfielder, is certainly not going to replace Foster, but he did do something on Opening Day that Foster rarely did. He threw out two runners at the plate in the 3-2 loss to the Cubs. "It's been a long time since I've seen that," said Bench.

Householder needs only two more home runs to match Collins' total of last year. He hit one out Wednesday night in the Reds' 6-2 victory over Chicago and also tripled, which gave him four hits in

his first eight at bats. The son of a North Haven, Conn. chemist, Householder could provide the Reds with the catalyst they need. He's a switch hitter with speed and intermittent power.

Cedeño, who had been accused occasionally of malingering in Houston, had no fewer than four complaints during spring training: hand, shoulder, hamstring and the flu. But he also batted .375 and proved that he could still play centerfield. "I'm thankful the Reds put me in center," says Cedeño, who had been shifted to first base by the Astros. "I also don't think they'll regret it."

Treviño has no power, but he can steal a base. That's an odd thing for a catcher, but he did it against the Cubs in the season's second game. Bench likes what he sees of Treviño. "He has a good, quick release and a very good arm," Bench says. "He's not afraid to tell pitchers what to throw, and he's got an idea of what he wants to do. The toughest thing for him will be learning a new staff."

Bench, the third-string catcher and first-string third baseman, lost weight, to 205 pounds, in his effort to become an infielder, but he's still having trouble sighting the ball coming off the bat. On Opening Day he was booed after a ball got by him that few third basemen could have fielded. He was also booed in the second game, more justifiably, after an error. When he caught a routine pop foul in the next inning, the fans gave him a mock cheer. They'll have to be more patient. "I'm still learning," he says. "But I'll be all right."

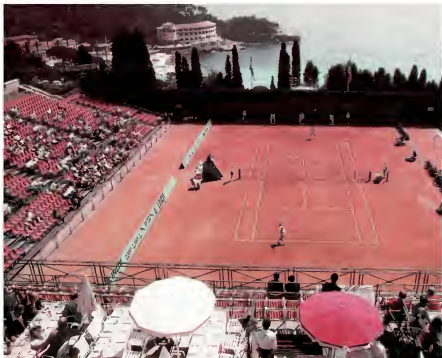
Wagner announced Bench's signing at the Welcome the Reds Luncheon on the day after the opener, and in the press conference that followed, Bench said that one of the major factors in his decision to stay with the Reds was the way the team played in spring training. "I got a lock out of watching kids like Householder," he said. "I was enjoying the game again, giving them tips and watching them learn. I want to play in another World Series, and we'll be there soon. Maybe even this year."

Maybe not. But Cincinnati will be right there at the end, as it almost always is. In a sense, the Reds are the Smith Barney of baseball. Bench likes that analogy. "We win the old-fashioned way," he says. "We cutrini it."

END

Bench says he'll get the hang of his new position.

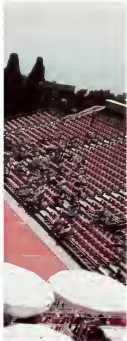




It's Nice Work If You Qualify For It

And make the field Bjorn Borg did at home in sumptuous Monte Carlo, although victory eluded him in his first tournament since last fall
by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Well he's not dead. He's not even ill or infirm. No, and he hasn't grown nails nine inches long, painted himself with polka dots or metamorphosed into some shivering, bubbling old punk troll. When Bjorn Borg took some time off the other day from playing hockey, selling Saabs and rolling in dough, where should he turn up but right at home on the French Riviera. Same young Bjorny, too, except for a couple of things. At the Monte Carlo Country Club Borg was laughing and joking and relaxing and whistling while he, uh, worked. Whistling. What's even more amazing is that he lost a tennis match and the Mediterranean sky, as clear and cerulean and glorious for as far as the mortal eye could see, did not fall. Did not dare. Some things transcend Borg's losing. "I've played so



Borg (foreground) routed Ostoja on center court in his second qualifying match.

many years," he said amid the uproar, "I can take a loss."

That was it, of course. Borg, still only 25, has played so many years, won so many years, that when he took off a measly five months from the tour, it seemed an eternity. And when he came back, sauntering in the same bowlegged fashion, spilled out in the same Filas and even wielding his racket the same way, he not only got beat but was thoroughly blasted into the copper clay of Monaco by Yannick Noah, the Frenchman from the Cameroons, 6-1, 6-2. There was doom in the salt air, and mourning. Directly, a French phrase came to French lips: *La mer s'est élevée avec les larmes* (The sea has risen with tears).

It's difficult to fathom just how enormous a public figure Borg is in Europe. The aura is of a Kennedy in Hyannis, a McCartney in Liverpool, a Mailer in

Elaine's—we're talking long-ball hitter here. Upon Borg's return to the circuit, he was greeted with an outpouring of media attention usually reserved for assassinations or wars or Princess Caroline's latest squeeze. Alone or with his wife, Marina, Borg graced the covers of three of France's national weeklies. A cadre of British journalists flew across the Channel to wait on his every word. Scores of press and paparazzi from every nook of the continent descended on Monaco for the occasion. Even the vast array of barefoot contessas gathered in all their splen-

dor—and on the beach in all their altogether—for this traditional opening of the spring social season on the Côte d'Azur were as street hags in the wake of *Le Grand Retour* of Borg. And all this over a qualifier.

The controversy surrounding Borg's having to qualify for his own club tournament was nearly as misguided as the sorrow following his inevitable defeat. First, after three months of not touching a racket, followed by two months of practice—albeit tough, regimented sessions at his homes in Sweden and France under the command of mentor-ten Lennart Bergelin—Borg wasn't about to win the Monte Carlo Open. Not against such a star-studded clay-court field as this one, Borg said so himself afterward. "I did not expect to win or do unbelievably well," he said. "It is too hard, too soon." Fact is, Borg was probably fortunate he didn't make it to the semifinals, where who knows what dire embarrassment may have awaited him. He would have faced Ivan Lendl, who had won 70 of 71 matches and 12 tournaments in the last six months, and he surely would have had his way with Borg. Instead, Lendl beat Noah 6-1, 1-6, 6-1. Then in Sunday's final Guillermo Vilas upset Lendl 6-1, 7-6, 6-3.

Borg's presence in the qualifying—the subject of so much hue and cry among the game's image-mongers—was necessary because of his refusal to comply with Rule 8 in the 1982 Grand Prix guide. It states that a player must commit to playing a minimum of 10 tournaments a year, not counting the French Open, Wimbledon and the U.S. Open, or be forced to qualify for all tournaments. Claiming he needed his "retirement" months and saying he desired more rest later—translation: time to perform in exhibitions from the Falkland Islands to Timbuktu at wages commensurate with whatever the designated countries' national debts will allow—Borg chose to enter seven tournaments and to petition the Men's International Professional Tennis Council to alter the rule. Forehand crosscourt. The MIPTC refused.

continued



Volley deep. Borg said fine, he would just as soon not go through the qualies at the French, which he has won only six times, and at Wimbledon, where he's only a five-time winner. Backhand pass. On the line.

Arthur Ashe, who's a member of the council and helped write the rule, last week agreed it was unfair. He said Borg had the ad. "It's one thing to say if a guy doesn't go the distance with 502 plate appearances, he doesn't qualify for the batting title," Ashe said. "This rule doesn't even let the guy come to bat."

Subsequently, Borg and his seconds pressed this point against the sport's ruling alphabet agencies—the International Tennis Federation (ITF) and the Association of Tennis Professionals (ATP) having joined the MPTC in the fray—until last week, when Monte Carlo buzzed with the drone of tennis politicos searching for a compromise, their blazers and school ties and starch ludicrously out of place on the marble terraces overlooking magnificent Cap-Martin. Butch Buchholz, executive director of the ATP, daddled with Borg. Philippe Chatrier, president of the ITF, caucused with Buchholz. Sir Brian Burnett, chairman of the All England Club, jetted in for discussions with Borg, Chatrier and all the rest.

Would Wimbledon flout the Grand Prix rule and permit Borg to enter its draw straightaway? Would Borg break down and enter three more tournaments? (Significantly, by playing through the qualifying rounds of seven tournaments, Borg probably will wind up playing more—matches if not weeks—to play less.) Was all this nonsense?

Borg, standing on principle, wouldn't budge. "I am not helping them save face," he said.

"Bjorn is standing six feet behind the baseline, covering the corners and swatting every ball back," said Buchholz. "That's what made him great."

By this time the sentiment of the touring players, who in a January straw vote had split 50-50 on the question of whether Borg should have to

qualify for the majors, had dramatically shifted to his side. "The council treats Borg like they are his parents and he is a 5-year-old," Lendl said. "Bjorn is old enough to know what he should do."

Vilas—as always the poet—said, "The rules were not thinking about this guy, this great champion. Life rules itself, there is balance in life. But this . . . We are so sick about this."

Ironically, because of his sabbatical, Borg's qualifying matches at Monaco were more of a benefit to him than a disadvantage. After all, the Monte Carlo Country Club is his home park. Borg's house in Cap Ferrat is only a 20-minute drive away, and his apartment in the foothills of Monte Carlo is even closer. Bjorn Borg's Sportshop is on Avenue Princess Grace, which winds around to the Corniche Inférieure, which leads up to the entrance of the club.

Last week Mariana was in Switzerland, resting after her recent treatment for kidney stones, but there was still a full house: Borg's parents, the Bergelins and Borg's friend, Onni Nordström, a former

World Hockey Association player who was at center the night last winter in Sweden when Bjorn Borg, right wing, scored four goals for the Malmö Vets against the Malmö Juniors.

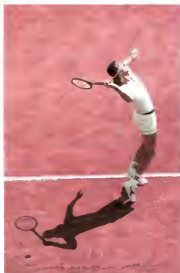
For the qualifying and the main draw, Borg settled into a routine: morning workout with Per Hjertqvist, another Swedish pro, on the club's upper courts behind the hospitality tents, a quick shower and then get out of Dodge City. No Formula 1 driver ever negotiated the hairpins of the corniches any more quickly than Borg did while making his getaways down the pastel hills and past the throngs hoping to glimpse him.

"All the strokes are there," Bergelin said, "but not the head. It's his concentration that worries me. All this future [the hassle over qualifying] is in his head." There Bergelin went again, as is his wont, copping a plea before the fact. In truth, Borg was concerned about his serve. He kept double-faulting against Hjertqvist, kept jabbering as the balls crashed into the net.

In winning his three qualifying matches and his first-rounder—Pablo Bertolucci of Italy, Marco Ostoja of Yugoslavia, Pablo Arruiza of Peru and Fernando Luna of Spain were the victims, for those keeping score—Borg seemed cautiously aggressive off the ground but tentative in the face of tactical stress. Yet there it was, a love and love victory over Ostoja, who's no pushover on the European dirt tracks.

"Before that match we were all questioning his infallibility, his invincibility," said Paul McNamee, the Australian doubles specialist. "I mean, Borg's Number Six on the computer now. He's not the young Viking Number One, anymore. The guys aren't afraid of him the way they were. Then he threw that 6-0, 6-0 up there. Dime! We hadn't seen a score like that in six months. I thought, 'Oh, no, here we go again.'"

Tien: trouble in paradise. Few observers thought Noah would be ready for Borg. A week earlier he had lost in the finals at Nice to Balazs Taroczy 13-11 in the third set. Fewer



Borg double-faulted seven times in his win over Panatta.

continued

Crown Royal salutes your stroke of genius.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., NY. BOTTLED CANADIAN WHISKY 40 PROOF

Announcing the Crown Royal Hole-In-One Society.



Look for this
counter card at your
club shop.
Void where prohibited.

You practice hard and you play to win. Then one day, with a single stroke, it happens... a hole-in-one. You're so proud you can almost hear the roar of the gallery as you pluck your ball from the cup. Now, Crown Royal, with the cooperation of Golf Digest, would like to help you commemorate "your stroke of genius" by inducting you into the Crown Royal "Hole-In-One" Society. You'll receive a "Hole-In-One" bag tag along with an official certificate documenting your achievement.

But that's not all. Your "ace" automatically makes you eligible to win hundreds of prizes in the Golf Digest Sweepstakes.

For more information, ask your club pro. It's easy once you have... that stroke of genius.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Vantage ple
When

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



assures

you want good taste and low tar, too.

YOU CAN STILL OWN THIS MUCH CAR.

Uncompromised comfort.

Ford LTD. A car with uncompromised comfort, it remains a clear statement about how great cars should be built; full of room, comfort and quiet.

LTD's interior leaves a singular impression: here is a place crafted for the comfort of six passengers. The Interior Luxury Group available on the LTD Crown



Victoria features sumptuous carpeting and reclining split bench seats available in rich crushed velvet upholstery.

Unmistakable styling.

A single look tells the story. This is a handsome American sedan. LTD is also a functional American sedan, built on a steel frame; and our Automatic Overdrive transmission is standard. So it's clear that LTD contains a fine balance of what you



want and need.



Uncommon options.

LTD offers an impressive list of options for comfort and convenience. Pivoting vent windows, unheard of on some cars, are available. The Tripfinder® Computer option supplies total driving data including time, elapsed time, fuel economy, trip fuel economy and more, at the touch of a finger.

In a world filled with compromise, you can still own this much car. Whether you buy or lease, see Ford LTD at your Ford Dealer now.

FORD LTD

FORD DIVISION



Seat belts save lives
—buckle up.

FORD LTD



thought Adriano Panatta would be prepared. "It's too early in the season for Adriano," said McNamee. "It's just four months since Christmas."

But here came the dashing Panatta, who in a marvelously checkered career has squandered more talent than 90% of the players ever dream of having. Here came Panatta, the only man ever to beat Borg at the French. Here came Panatta from 2-6, 0-2, bearing down, taking the net, unleashing a variety of angle volleys and winning eight of the next nine games from a thoroughly uninvolved Borg.

Once Borg, in the midst of seven double faults, was so fed up he served underhanded and then smiled. Concentration? Another time he almost served to the wrong corner. He shrugged and smiled again. Ultimately the match deteriorated into some appalling errors on both sides until Borg gathered himself to win 6-2, 3-6, 6-4.

"My nerves were not that bad for a tough match," he said afterward. "I played it safe and took no chances. The underhanded? That's the really safe one."

Noah had been watching all this and was not impressed. He knew he would be "comfortable" playing Borg, knew he could bother him. Later Noah would say, "Borg was not Borg." The Borg Noah spoke of was more like a man who hadn't played tennis in five months.

Early in their match Noah discovered he could stay back. He didn't have to risk anything on the attack, so rushed and out of sorts and discomfited was the former world champion. "The gap was large. I always felt safe," said Noah later. He discovered one other thing. At the changeovers Noah heard Borg, the great, iced Swede, whispering, "What is this?" Noah said to himself, "Yes, he's whispering. Things are not normal."

Give Noah his due. After Borg broke Noah in the opening game of the match, Noah ran off six straight games and didn't lose another point on his service for the remainder of the set. On his serve, Borg double-faulted to lose the second game, sprayed two setup forehands to drop the fourth and absolutely hacked his way through the jungle of the sixth, when, among other horrors, he sheepishly dumped a backhand volley into the net from no-man's-land. Besides digging his huge deliveries into the baked earth Noah was mixing the pace nicely—sliced floaters to the baseline, chipped returns,



The royal Grimaldis—Albert, Stephanie, Caroline—and a security guard (center) ...

some delicate drops—and refusing to allow Borg any consistent rhythm. Borg kept teeing off on everything, anyway.

In the second set, after several of Borg's wild rainbow forehands had endangered sunbathers at the Monte Carlo Beach Hotel below the club, he pulled the trigger on a swinging forehand volley from the service line. That winner gave him break point for 3-1, but Noah served an ace and then held. In the sixth game Borg had two more breakers, but on the first he looped a forehand nearly into the sea, and on the second Noah uncocked another ace. He wound up with 12.

Toward the end of the 55-minute match, both players seemed resigned to their fates. Noah, normally an emotional sort, merely grinned rather than erupted as he had after defeating Vilas in Paris last summer and Lendl in Palm Springs this winter. "If Bjorn had won here after being away, well it would not have been good for all of us," said Noah. "For me it was the time to beat him."

Borg said he was concerned. He said he was "satisfied and not satisfied. Before when I play six matches I'm usually in the finals, so I almost played a whole tournament." Almost. Borg said he will work hard and practice hard and schedule himself "to come back to the top level." As Noah pointed out, however, when one is in the habit of winning it is difficult to accept losing.

"We assume Bjorn is coming back because he wants to play," said Vilas. "But if he doesn't want it, that could be a grave

problem." As the points fell so quickly last week, Borg hurriedly played out the string as if he had to catch a waiting helicopter. Maybe he did. Remember, Borg has to be places sooner now. That's the way it is for a qualifier. **END**



... weren't as excited by Borg as some.

The Green Monsters

The Celtics have so much talent and so much bench that Larry Bird doesn't even have to start for them to win the East **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

The only question to be settled by the Eastern Conference playoffs is not which team is the best—the Boston Celtics are—but whether the defending champions should field a second entry composed of their bench. Boston's No. 2 unit would now consist of Larry Bird, Tiny Archibald, Danny Ainge, Rick Robey and Chris Ford, three of whom started when the Celtics won the title last year. Bird and Archibald are still recovering from injuries, but the Celtics have won 21 of their last 23 with a starting lineup generally composed of Kevin McHale, Robert Parish, Cedric Maxwell, Gerald Henderson and M.L. Carr.

"I don't think there is any question that from top to bottom the Celtics have more quality players than anyone in the league," says Houston Coach Del Harris, whose team lost to Boston in the championship series last year. "I think they actually have two different fives that could make the playoffs in either conference."

Boston may have been made even stronger by the spate of injuries that it sustained last month. During an 18-game winning streak that extended from Feb. 12 until the 76ers put an end to it on March 28, Bird was out for five games with a fractured cheekbone and Archibald missed 11 with stressed ligaments in

his right wrist. Meanwhile, Carr was beating out Ford for a starting guard spot. "There's just no dropoff when the subs come in," says Washington Coach Gene Shue, "and very few teams can say that."

Bird's injury may have been significant on two counts. "When Bird went down they were forced to play McHale," says Philadelphia General Manager Pat Williams. "Everyone in the league is scared to death of McHale anyway." As well they might be, because McHale is 6' 10" and extremely active, especially on defense. "When he's out there with Parish, there are so many long arms in your face you just can't get a shot up," adds Williams. And the Celtics learned something about themselves they might not otherwise have dared suspect. "People felt that without Bird the Celtics wouldn't be the Celtics," says Chicago Coach Rod Thorn, "but they proved they are. Now they feel they're invincible." As Indiana Pacers Guard Billy Knight says, "The Celtics have nothing but pluses all the way down the line. They shoot well, run well, rebound well and defend well. What else is there?"

Well, possibly there is Milwaukee. If

Still Kareem Of The Crop

A late-season surge by Kareem Abdul-Jabbar indicates that he and the Lakers will prevail in the West **by ANTHONY COTTON**

How improbable and unpredictable has the NBA's Western Conference been this season? How about eight teams finishing with records of .500 or better? Or Denver never scoring fewer than 100 points in a game? Or Houston going 30-14 after an abysmal start and in the process dropping from second place to third in the Midwest Division?

"The East has the name teams but the West has the power and balance," says Kansas

City Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons. "If Boston, Philly or Milwaukee had to play a Los Angeles, a Seattle or a Golden State six times a year, its record wouldn't be nearly as good."

"We could finish first in our division, or second, or out of the playoffs altogether," says Houston Coach Del Harris, whose team was 44-34 at the end of last week and in a six-club battle for the last four postseason spots. "At the start of the year I thought a little under .500 would get you into the playoffs. Then when the Pacific Division teams started so well I changed it to .500. Then a little later I said 43 wins. Now I think it will take at least 45 or 46. I don't want to hear anything about how easy it is to get into the NBA playoffs."

Reportedly first in L.A. recently, Kareem is indispensable again.





Bird isn't starting, but he hasn't stopped scoring. As a sub, he has averaged 22 points.

ever there was a team whose time had come, that team was this season's Bucks. Milwaukee had made a joke of the Central Division race by Christmas—and had done that largely without the help of Forward Marques Johnson, who was

holding out for a million dollars a year, or the right to be a male model, or both. While Johnson was out, third-year man Sidney Moncrief ever so quietly established himself as one of the most feared players in the NBA, leading the Bucks in

scoring, rebounding, assists and minutes played. Things seemed to be coming together nicely after Johnson was signed on Dec. 9, and the Bucks, who were eliminated in a pair of classic seven-game conference semifinal series with Seattle and Philadelphia the past two years, appeared ready to win something besides respect. "If we don't win it this year," Center Bob Lanier said, "it's never going to happen."

Perhaps it never will. On March 17 the Bucks lost sixth man Junior Bridgeman for the season with a stress fracture in his left foot. Then, nine days later, Point Guard Quinn Buckner went out for the year with strained ligaments in his right thumb. The injuries will force Coach Don Nelson to use Brian Winters—a sensational shooter but not a good playmaker—in Buckner's spot or to ask Moncrief to change positions from shooting guard to point guard to help fill the void. In any case, Milwaukee's bench, one of the best in the league when Bridgeman and Winters are sitting on it, is now only ordinary. Also, Winters has lately missed games with a pulled groin, forcing Johnson to play guard. "The Bucks' strength was their depth and ver-

continued

Right you are, Del. The degree of difficulty for just getting into the Western Conference playoffs this season is only slightly greater than that of picking who'll make it to the NBA finals, as the Rockets did last season. In this year's playoffs Kareem Abdul-Jabbar might not be all that much more important to the Lakers than Eddie Jordan or Bob McAdoo; and Paul Griffin could be as big a key to San Antonio's fortunes as George Gervin; and Billy McKinney could very well play a bigger role than David Thompson for Denver.

Yep, the zanies are what's happening in the West. Or not happening, as is the Lakers' hope. The Lakers were the first and most notable victims of Rocketmania a year ago, losing a mini-series in three games. But the Lakers should win the Pacific title and thereby earn a bye into the conference semifinals, a considerable accomplishment given the variety of crises that befell the team this year.

First there was Magic Johnson versus Coach Paul Westhead, followed by a

public-relations blitz that tried to exonerate Magic for Westhead's firing. Then Power Forward Mitch Kupchak had his yearly disabling injury, a broken left leg that should keep him out of the playoffs. Later there was the club's six-game winning streak in December minus Abdul-Jabbar and his subsequent hurt feelings.

Then there was the much-talked-about role change for Kareem. No longer would he worry about scoring; instead he'd concentrate on blocking shots and rebounding. That led to talk about L.A. not being big enough for both Magic and Kareem—with, the theory went, Magic's up-tempo game winning out and Kareem being traded to San Diego, to Cleveland, to Uranus. But Abdul-Jabbar started scoring megapoints late in the season, averaging 25.4 a game in March.

Coach Pat Riley says the only problems the Lakers have now are "the people who keep saying that we have problems." But that wasn't the case earlier in the season. "It's like walking on eggshells in the locker room when things like that are

happening," says one Laker player. "We don't have anyone who can walk into a locker room and say, 'Do this,' and 'Do that.' I wish we did, but not many teams do. Maybe it can't be done anymore."

Not on the Lakers, with their galaxy of stars. No one can tell Abdul-Jabbar, Johnson, Jamial Wilkes, Norm Nixon or *et al.* how to play basketball. No one has to. Come playoff time, the only things that should bother the Lakers are what affects even the lowliest team: injuries. Sixth man Michael Cooper, who usually comes in at guard, has a pulled groin that could limit his playoff action, and the next reserve guard on the list, Eddie Jordan, cracked a bone in his leg below the left knee on March 30. L.A. must have one or the other in good form—and soon. But the biggest loss was Kupchak, who says he won't return for the playoffs "if I use my head and play it smart for once."

"L.A. can't win with a Kurt Rambis, a Jim Brewer or a Mark Landsberger at Kupchak's forward spot," Fitzsimmons says. "All you do is leave them alone on

continued



If Lanier holds up, so could the Bucks.

THE EAST continued

satility," says Shue. "They could play with muscle and they could play with finesse, and they could run players in and out and keep everybody fresh."

How well Milwaukee will do now will depend largely on Lanier and Johnson. Lanier gives the Bucks strength and experience at the most important position on the floor, but his knees are so brittle that he has been averaging only 26.7 minutes per game this season. Johnson generally has struggled since his return, perhaps because he hasn't been able to adjust to no longer being the best player on the team, a role that Moncrief usurped in his absence. Johnson finally started to play like the Marques of old during the last week of March, and on April 4 he hit eight of his first nine shots against Indiana and finished with 28 points.

If he can keep that up, Milwaukee will beat Philadelphia in their semifinal series, assuming the 76ers are able to fight their way out of the mini-series.

Of the three other playoff teams in the East—New Jersey, Washington and Atlanta—the Hawks and Bullets have the experience and muscle to score a mini-series upset. "Atlanta is my dark-horse team," 76ers Assistant Coach Jack Mc-

Mahon says. "When they're healthy—and they're starting to come back—they have a very powerful and good defensive team. Plus, John Drew and Dan Roundfield are hard to stop." Houston Guard Mike Dunleavy adds, "If Atlanta can keep Roundfield and Drew on the floor with [7-foot Center] Tree Rollins, they could surprise some people."

The Nets' inexperience will probably show in the postseason, but the Bullets' size (five men 6' 8" or more) and ability to win on the road—20-19 during the regular season—could shock someone. The Sixers are likely to face either Atlanta or New Jersey in the first round—the matchups probably won't be decided until the regular season's final games this Sunday—and though Philadelphia would be a prohibitive favorite against either, the Hawks have given the 76ers problems for several years. Atlanta has beaten Philly three times this season—twice at the Spectrum—despite all those injuries. Now the Hawks are healthy and eminently capable of springing a surprise on any team that looks past them.

The 76ers are confident that if the expected Milwaukee-Philadelphia semifinal showdown does occur, they will

continued

THE WEST continued

defense and cheat over into the middle against Abdul-Jabbar. Then you can beat them in a half-court game, which is what you usually get in the playoffs, where teams really work hard to curtail the fast break."

Enter McAdoo, who recently lit up Cotton's Kings for 30 points off the bench after missing nine games with a torn calf muscle. If he can maintain any sort of consistency, the Lakers may yet come up with a happy ending.

Given the jumbled state of the conference standings, it's hard to tell whom the Lakers will face first. "If there's any team I fear, it's Houston," Riley says. "They're big and physical and do a great job of taking us out of our running game."

The epitome of "big and physical" is Moses Malone, this season's most dominant player. He will be a free agent at the conclusion of the season, and he started his contract drive back in December. In his last 31 games, through Sunday,

Malone had averaged more than 36 points, many of them off the offensive boards: The Rockets like to play Throw the Bone off the glass with Malone as the Golden Retriever. His 14.5 rebounds a game are tops in the league.

Currently Malone has been joined in the big-numbers category by Elvin Hayes, who had played more than 41 minutes a game in Houston's seven most recent outings through last weekend. In that time E averaged 19 points and almost 10 rebounds in finally making the Harris

continued

If Sikma and his All-Star cohorts get back in form, Seattle may still soar.





Duena Photography

Kappa is winning.

Kappa is the world class line of active sportswear.

Winning with athletes like Olympic champion Edwin Moses, World Cup champion Evelyn Ashford, and the U.S. National Track and Field Team.

Kappa is the class of the field at world class events like the World Cup, the N.Y.C. Marathon, and the 1984 Summer Games in Los Angeles.

Active people who demand both style and performance demand Kappa. Kappa: Made to win where winning counts... here in the USA.

Kappa: World Class

Kappa. A National Sponsor U.S. Track and Field Team.





POWER STYLING DATSUN 200-SX

Now that gas mileage is the hot button, few cars boast about their styling. The new Datsun 200-SX, Hardtop SL is a brilliant exception. Look at the integrated, wrap-around bumpers. The new louvers on the hood. The classic blacked-out grille. Inside: real comfort and the ultimate in sophistication. This car actually "talks" to you. A voice calls your attention to six vital functions like... "Right door is open." On the road a more powerful 2.2 liter fuel-injected engine propels

you along without sacrificing economy: EPA estimated 26 MPG, 38 estimated highway. Use MPG for comparison only. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Highway mileage will probably be less. The thrilling 200-SX: proof positive that no one marries performance and styling like Datsun.

DATSUN
WE ARE DRIVEN

brush the Bucks aside. "With that club as it is now," says Julius Erving, referring to the Bucks' loss of Buckner and Bridgeman, "we can beat them in a seven-game series no matter who has the home-court advantage. Those people are very important to their team. I don't think they can go all the way without them." It promises to be a brutal struggle, and as happened last year—when the 76ers blew a 3-1 advantage in the conference final with the Celtics after seven tough games with the Bucks—whoever emerges from the semis may not have anything left for Boston. "The winner would come out scarred," says Utah Coach Frank Layden.

If the 76ers are to beat Boston, they will almost surely have to have Center Darryl Dawkins back at full strength, and Dawkins, who came back March 24 after missing two months with a broken leg, has just begun to show signs of coming around. Though not a great center, Dawkins could usually be counted on to have a couple of 20-point games in the playoffs and add some muscle to Philadelphia's anemic rebounding. He's unlikely to do that well this time. The Sixers were 21-7 with Dawkins out of action, but, as Erving points out, "It doesn't matter how



It would be stretching the point to say the 76ers are a better team without Dawkins.

we played without him. It matters how he fits back in."

A few dissenters feel that, at long last, this could be the 76ers' year. "This time they might slip up on Boston," says Harris, especially if Celtic Coach Bill Fitch insists on perpetuating the myth that Bird can play guard for more than short stretches. "It's possible that the Celtics have gone along too well, and that might set things up psychologically for the Sixers." It is hard to imagine Philadel-

phia beating either Milwaukee or Boston with Dawkins in little more than a spot role, so give the edge to the Bucks in the semis because they're a better rebounding team and because they're due. Scissors cut paper. Then bet the ranch on the Celtics to romp to the conference title. Rock breaks scissors. Then, when the NBA finals are over, look for the Celtics to be riding down Boston's Commonwealth Avenue in their second straight ticker-tape parade. Paper covers rock.

THE WEST continued

double-big-man offense work. The Rockets, however, won't win in the long run because they can't run and they're vulnerable to teams that can.

If there was ever a game for the ages and the television ratings, it was one played March 6 by the Midwest-leading Spurs and the Bucks, tops in the Central.

After the dust had cleared, an NBA-record 337 points had been scored as the Spurs won 171-166 in triple overtime. Since then San Antonio has been just 7-11 and has been the most tired team in the league. "I hope that's what it is," says a Spurs official. "I can't imagine us being that bad all of a sudden."

Exhaustion hasn't been the Spurs'

only problem. One of the most punishing of San Antonio's Bruise Brothers, Paul Griffin, has missed most of the season after surgery on his left knee. Another bully, Mark Olberding, recently returned after an 11-game absence caused by a sprained ankle. Still, San Antonio may have made the best personnel move of any contender when it acquired Mike Mitchell from Cleveland on Dec. 23. "Mitchell made that team," says Denver Coach Doug Moe. "Before, other Spurs might score, but you could help out on George Gervin and not get hurt. This guy will kill you."

Actually, Denver could be a killer, mainly because the Nuggets, with their constant running and offensive pressure, don't play the way other NBA teams do. They have three men in the top 14 in scoring, but with Moe's free-lance passing attack, Alex English (25.4 points per game), Dan Issel (22.7) and Kiki Vandeweghe (21.6) aren't the only Nuggets to get their shots off. Denver leads the league in scoring (126 points a game)

continued

With virtuoso offensive performances, Moe's Nuggets have won raves even on the road.



and in field-goal (.520) and free-throw (.798) shooting. Nuggets opponents work hard for almost 24 seconds to score and then get beaten back up court by a long inbounds pass or Denver's twin squirts. 6'1" Billy McKinney and 6'0" Ken Higgs, for a payback basket in less than 10 seconds.

"The Nuggets will be tough because the way they play it doesn't matter where they play," says Fitzsimmons. "They just run around in circles. You go to the blackboard before the game and you can't write anything. They don't do any-

thing more than once." McKinney's becoming a starter coincided with Denver's recent 12-game winning streak.

It was only about a month ago that Seattle was a popular choice to make the NBA finals. And, although the Sonics haven't played well of late, All-Stars Gus Williams, Jack Sikma and Lonnie Shelton make them hard to beat.

The Sonics' willingness to role-play is what will make them tough, according to San Diego Coach Paul Silas, who says, "In the playoffs each game comes down to you against your strengths and weak-

nesses. That's why roles are so important. The value of a Fred Brown coming off the bench for three quick baskets is emphasized in the playoffs.

"I don't think the Lakers had this when they won. After you win it once, the roles become even more important. The emotion isn't there the second time. You must sacrifice more to win."

Besides making up for their embarrassing performance of a year ago, the threat of being sacrificed by owner Jerry Buss if they don't win will probably be incentive enough for the Lakers.



Why The Top Teams Are Down On Mini-Series

There may be wide disagreement in the NBA about who will triumph in the league's "second season," but there's Coach Billy Cunningham sums up the consensus among the league's big winners on one subject when he says, "No one wants to be in a mini-series."

When the playoffs start next week, the four division winners get a bye and the other eight teams engage in best-of-three matchups, which have come to be known as the "dreaded mini-series."

"You can have an outstanding year like we're having," Cunningham says, "and still end up in a three-game series. You're usually not sure who you'll play until the last minute, so there's not much time to prepare. It's awfully tough. Look what happened last year."

Three of last season's four favorites were bounced in the mini-series. New York fizzled against Chicago in two games, Portland bowed out in three to K.C., and Houston and Moses Malone (left) stunned L.A. and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. Only the 1980-81 Sixers won as expected, sweeping Indiana.

Of course, the mini-series isn't loathed by everyone. Teams that barely qualify welcome it, for the same reason. Bluegrass Tech is grateful there's no shot clock when it plays Louisville. The shorter the contest, the less telling is the talent. "I like the mini-series," says Pacer Guard Johnny Davis. "If a team isn't ready to play, it can be beaten. Once you make the playoffs, it's a new season." And to most fans, a mini-series is like a mini-skirt: long enough to cover the subject and short enough to keep things interesting.

But the league's upper crust feels that two poor outings shouldn't neutralize 50 or more regular-season wins—as in the cases of the Knicks and Lakers last year. "I don't mean to take anything away from Houston," says Laker Coach Pat Riley, taking something away from Houston, "but there's no doubt we would have won a longer series last year."

The mini-series was conceived in 1977, and until last year's three upsets, only two of the 20 such series had been lost by the team with the better regular-season record.

Then came 1981's reversals, and a clamor for a change. But the NBA elders would think twice before getting rid of the concept. More teams make the playoffs—and therefore more money is made.

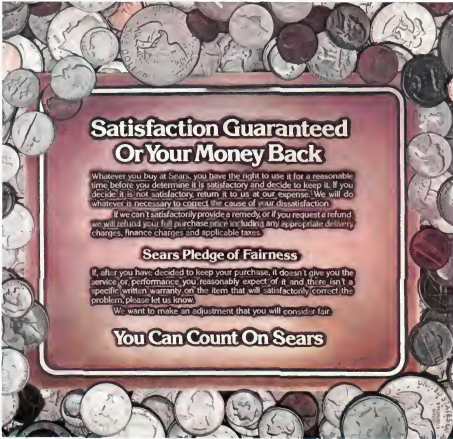
Riley suggests a five-game "mini-series" be played in the same seven-day period now allotted the mini-series. "Make it an endurance contest," he says. "Let that be the handicap for not winning the division."

To spot this season's likely mini-series upsets, look for clubs whose lineups were in flux earlier in the year but have recently found their stride. Atlanta, for instance, had early injuries to key players—notably Dan Roundfield and John Drew—which made it tough to get going. Last season's Bulls won their last eight games before blitzing the Knicks. Says Jack Ramsay of his Trail Blazers' loss to K.C. last year, "We didn't have Jim Paxson. They had injuries, too—Phil Ford—but they had been playing a while without him. We had to adjust to Paxson's loss too quickly."

Other likely spoilers are teams that home a playoff edge in a tough race to get into post-season play. Last spring Kansas City and Houston didn't earn mini-series berths until the regular season's final days; they went on to eliminate Portland and L.A., which had qualified early and easily. "Last year we had nothing to shoot for in the final 10 days of the season," says Riley. "We locked up second in our division, lost our last two regular-season games and weren't sharp in the playoffs."

The Lakers have wised up this season, figuring it's best to win the division and leave the mini-series to those teams with pint-sized ambitions. As the Kings' Ford says, "You can't be eliminated while you're waiting."

—ALEXANDER WOLFF



Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back

Whatever you buy at Sears, you have the right to use it for a reasonable time before you determine it is satisfactory and decide to keep it. If you decide it is not satisfactory, return it to us at our expense. We will do whatever is necessary to correct the cause of your dissatisfaction.

If we can't satisfactorily provide a remedy, or if you request a refund, we will refund your full purchase price including any appropriate delivery charges, finance charges and applicable taxes.

Sears Pledge of Fairness

If, after you have decided to keep your purchase, it doesn't give you the service or performance you reasonably expect of it and there isn't a specific written warranty on the item that will satisfactorily correct the problem, please let us know.

We want to make an adjustment that you will consider fair.

You Can Count On Sears

The words on this plaque stand behind everything you buy from Sears.

You can count on Sears for satisfaction

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back has been firm Sears policy for over 50 years. So when you shop at Sears, you must be satisfied with performance, workmanship, fit, styling — even color.

Suppose you buy a blue sweater through the catalog and the blue strikes you as different, however slightly, from the blue on the printed page. Says Sears catalog: "In such a case, as with everything

we sell, we guarantee your satisfaction or money back."

Sears goes to extraordinary lengths to make certain that you *will* be satisfied.

Sears buyers spend thousands of hours a year at factories that make Sears products, making sure those products perform as expected.

The Sears Laboratory tests over 10,000 products a year. It is one of the world's largest private

laboratories for testing consumer goods.

So it's first to Sears for millions of shoppers. Again and again, you'll spot exactly what you're looking for, pay a fair price for it — and be completely satisfied with it once you get it home.

You can count on

Sears
ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE



When he hits a shot he doesn't like—as here at the TPC—Stadler shows disgust.

Sloppy Man In A Clean Game

Masters champion Craig Stadler may not suit golf's image makers, but he suits himself just perfectly

by JOHN PAPANEEK

In the basement of Craig Stadler's house, a sort of subterranean bunker carved into the side of a mountain on the north shore of Lake Tahoe, there is on the wall near the bar a framed copy of David Forgan's *The Golfer's Creed*, the manifesto familiar to golfers everywhere. "... [Golf] is a contest, a duel, or a melee," part of it goes, "calling for courage, skill, strategy and self-control. It is a test of temper, a trial of honour, a revealer of character. It affords a chance to play the man and not the gentleman. . . ."

Stadler sees the passage frequently enough and knows the philosophy well, even if he has never bothered to memorize Forgan's prose. But he's no student of golf. He has barely had a lesson in his life and couldn't care less about theory. He once watched his swing on videotape, pronounced it "ugly," and has never looked at it again. He is just a player, a good old boy who likes to drink beer and margaritas, eat a big steak and laugh all night.

And whether he follows *The Golfer's Creed* to its last sanctimonious letter is a matter of debate, depending on whom you talk to. He has been playing the game—to the exclusion of almost everything else—and getting better and better at it for 22 of his 28 years. No one disputes the fact that he is a hard thinker about the game, a prodigious hitter, a gutsy trouble shooter, a clever soft-touch artist on and around the greens. He is simply one terrific player.

The numbers spoke for themselves even before Stadler won the Masters on Sunday. His earnings have increased steadily in each of his first six years on the tour—from \$2,702 and 196th on the money list as a rookie in 1976 to \$218,829 and eighth, for the second year in a row, in 1981. After four months and 12 tournaments this year, Stadler has two victories and a second, fourth, fifth and sixth and leads the money list with \$211,557. There are those who feel he'd be even farther ahead of the pack if his legendary temper hadn't gotten the better of him at the Crosby, the Doral Open, the Bay Hill Classic and the TPC, any or all of which tournaments he could have won. So how does Stadler feel about all of this?

"Perfect," he said one beautiful blue and white afternoon during a quick break from the tour at Lake Tahoe a few weeks

continued

Did you say $\frac{1}{3}$ less tar?

Pall Mall Light 100's.
A third less tar
than the leading
filter king, and
still great taste.



Pall Mall
Light 100's 9mg tar 0.8mg. nic.
Leading filter king 15mg tar 1.1mg. nic.
Lowest brand
less than 0.01mg tar 0.002mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

**I need someone I can trust to work
on my car.**



Mr. Good

Mr. Goodwrench hasn't let me down.



Mr. Goodwrench has GM training to understand GM cars just like mine, and he has the right tools to do the work right. But, that's not all. He has genuine GM parts available . . . the kind engineered for my GM car by some of the same people who designed my car.

Mr. Goodwrench is committed to reasonable prices—he has pledged to be competitive with other mechanics I could go to around here. That's great. And the waiting rooms and all of the facilities are nice and clean . . . like they respect me and want me to be comfortable.

So keep that great GM feeling with genuine GM parts at participating independent Mr. Goodwrench dealers selling Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks, Cadillacs, GMC and Chevy trucks.



Goodwrench



GM QUALITY
SERVICE PARTS



GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

5 M.L.

great in
very fine

"Tuesday Night Heroes."

MICHELOR

BEER

Put a little
weekend
in your week.



ago. He was beaming a jolly smile from his round, ruddy, mustachioed face, and one huge hand was wrapped around a cold can of beer that was resting on a belly that quivered and shook like a bowl full of jelly. He was every inch and every pound—220 of them, or thereabouts—the Walrus. The happy Walrus. All over Stadler's house there are walrus carvings and walrus pictures. His woods are covered by walrus heads, in the form of converted hand puppets found by Sue Stadler, Craig's wife of three years, during a tour stop in Houston. Sue, who is often mistaken for LPGA star Nancy Lopez-Melton, spends a fair amount of time on golf courses telling folks who have a different impression that her husband is a sweet and sensitive guy. "Once at Greensboro some guy was giving Craig a hard time, and I think he thought I thought he was cute," she says. "Finally I said to him, 'Sir, my husband is not an S.O.B.' and walked away. And the guy's friends really gave it to him for acting like such a jerk in front of Craig Stadler's wife."

"Perfect," says Stadler. "Just perfect." He's a man with a perfect nickname, a perfect wife, a perfect 2-year-old son named Kevin, a perfect job and, soon, a perfect new house in Nevada. "Perfect" is the word Stadler uses to describe just about everything that is not bad enough to throw a golf club at. Which, nowadays, is almost everything, especially his golf game.

The thing is, Stadler may be one of the most perfect things to happen to the golf tour since Lee Trevino, even if the golf tour and some of its more staid devotees are a little slow to pick up on this. The problem—"their problem," says Stadler—is his image. Sure, Stadler gets mad when he messes up, which makes him about as unique on the tour as blond hair. He has been known to throw a club or two, but not once—nothing serious, anyway—since his world-class toss at the Southern Open in 1979. He mutters a naughty word in anger now and again, but only at himself and with nowhere near the frequency of dozens of other tour players, including some of America's favorites. True, his caddy once walked off the golf course in disgust with Stadler right in the middle of a British Amateur, that happened in 1975. All his caddies since have liked him. And guess what? So do the other players, as if that should count for anything. He has

yet to make it with the public and the press. "What separates Craig from the other players," says one veteran observer of the game, "is that he's sloppy. He's a sloppy man in a clean sport."

All right, so he carries a few extra pounds, and in past years he didn't always tuck in his shirt. He does now. He even dresses in coordinates. So what if he won the Bob Hope Desert Classic in 1980 while wearing a wild and woolly beard? He won, didn't he? At least he's *different* from the others.

He's the easiest pro to identify on the course, either from a distance or close up—which is no insignificant distinction because the PGA does not require its look-alike players to wear numbers on their shirts. He is neither beach-boy blond nor matinee-idol handsome, nor is he any other kind of tall and tan and young and lovely. That clearly sets him apart from your Beanes and Burnses, Crenshaws and Clumpetts, narrowing down the field considerably. And he's not one of your wiry, hard-cut bespectacled types like Hale Irwin. And, except for Saturdays and Sundays, when he is almost always playing near the lead, he hardly ever moves along behind massive galleries, so you know you can't be watching a Nicklaus or a Palmer or a Trevino or a Watson.

Even from 300 yards, you can pick out Stadler, arms singled out over gut like the eaves of an A-frame as he gets ready to swing or the Walrus waddle as he comes up a fairway. In a word—Stadler's word—he's fat. But he's a good kind of fat—the I'm-fat-because-that's-the-way-I-am-and-I'm-happy kind of fat. He slimmed himself down once, losing 35 pounds in one month, mostly for the sake of his appearance. "I felt good," he says. "But I didn't feel comfortable. Especially putting. My arms kept trying to float away." So he put most of the weight back on. What the hell. "If people don't like me personally it's only because they don't know me," he says. "I'm not a bad guy, really. I just get mad at myself when I don't play as well as I know I can. Where's the crime in that? I hit a lousy shot, I'm going to get mad."

We tend to forget that once there was another fat man in golf, a man who wore unfashionable clothes and had a ridiculous crew cut. He was absolutely hated by the public, partly because he was a sloppy man in a clean sport and partly because he was in the process of unseating

Arnold Palmer, the first golfer to win the working-class hearts of America. That man's name was Jack Nicklaus. Not until Jack had lost 40 pounds and changed his hairstyle did the public finally begin loving him.

At the moment, Stadler considers reporters his greatest enemies, not that he



The paunch is the guts of Stadler's game.

really gives a damn—or so he claims. "They've taken the liberty to do with me just about what they please," he says, "because I've never said much about it or really cared. They want to make me the John McEnroe of golf. I scowl. I probably look mean. I don't smile a whole hell of a lot."

"He smiles when he's not playing," Sue puts in. "All the time."

"Golf does not go home with me," says Stadler with conviction. "It starts at the first tee and ends at the 18th hole. I might show a little excitement if I win."

continued



On the Stadlers' Lake Tahoe sun deck, Kevin, age 2, takes a swing at his father's game.

CRAIG STADLER *continued*

But if I shoot a 78 and blow a tournament on the last day, I'm not going to be a pain in the ass the rest of the night. On the golf course it's a different story. My feelings are kind of a mixture of things. It adds up to sort of disgust, I think, and it's disgust with myself. Everybody's been talking about my temper this year because I'm playing so well. I play rotten, nobody says a word. I play great, they say, 'Oh, he's got a temper.' Which is fine. I do have a temper. But as far as I'm concerned, there's nothing wrong with getting upset. I mean, you're out there for five hours and you're not allowed to show any of your feelings? Something's wrong with that. There's just too much concentration, too much thought going on. Something's got to show."

Of course it does, and many people watch Stadler the way they watch the Indy 500—just waiting for a fiery crash. "I get called a lot of things out there," says Stadler. "I get Walrus probably 30 times a round now. That's O.K., but say I plug it in a bunker or hit in the water—every once in a while you get yourself in that little frame of mind where you howl 'Gaaaahh...!' and take the club back to the bag a little angry. There's always someone there hollering 'Break it!' or 'Throw it!'"

"Just once I'd like to open the paper

one morning somewhere and read an article about how well I'm playing," says Stadler. "It doesn't happen." He reads from an imaginary paper: "'Stadler shot a 65 yesterday but he blew his temper on the 17th hole, made a bogey and should have shot 64.'"

"It's like I'm the only guy with a temper. Everybody else is Mike Reid. My temper was a problem, yes, although it took me a real long time to admit it. I don't think it is anymore. I used to make a bad shot, and it would stay with me for three or four holes. Then I got it down to two or three holes. Then, to two or three shots. Now if I make a bad shot, make a bad mental mistake, I'll get mad and I'll get hot at myself. But the next shot I'm fine, I know what I want to do, I'm ready for it. Like in the final round of the Crosby, when I hit my tee ball onto the rocks on 17 when I'm tied for the lead, I'm stemming like a smokestack walking down the fairway, but I get to the green and by that time I'm O.K."

Of course he lost that tournament to Jim Simons. It was easy for the writers and TV commentators to say that Stadler's temper cost him the Crosby, but Simons shot a brilliant 66 at Pebble Beach, and few people noted how graciously Stadler congratulated Simons when it was all over.

"I think that most of us agree that Craig gets a bad rap," says Scott Simp-

son, Stadler's former roommate at USC and now a friend and fellow touring pro. "Irwin throws clubs. So do Lanny Wadkins, J.C. Snead and lots of other guys. When Crenshaw gets mad, he's 'colorful.' When Andy Bean gets mad, he's the 'big ol' country boy.' When Weiskopf yells an obscenity it's macho. People love it. And when Craig gets mad they jump all over him. A lot of guys are no fun to play with. I've honestly never heard anyone say that about Craig. He's a great guy. He growls and snorts and stuff, but it just seems to pump him up—this year more so than ever."

"Everybody I know likes Craig," says Mark Pfeil, another touring pro. "His temper isn't the kind that bothers other players. He never gets mad at anyone but himself. Some guys you know you can't talk to till they talk to you first. Craig isn't that way."

Says Weiskopf, "How can I not like Craig? He's the best thing that ever happened to me. He makes me look good."

Stadler admits that he grew up a member of the privileged class in the posh Southern California community of La Jolla. As much to keep chubby young Craig busy as for any other reason, his father, a pharmacist and a member of the La Jolla Country Club, introduced his son to golf when he was six. Stadler was instantly smitten. "In the summer I'd play four or five times a week," he says. "Beach in the morning, golf in the afternoons, caddie on the weekends." For night play he dug holes in the back yard, and often he'd go across the street and drive rocks into a big gully for hours while listening to baseball games on radio. "From the age of 10 on, I was your basic fanatic," he says. "I didn't know any better." He and his buddies played day after day. When boredom threatened to move in, they would devise new ways to play, like "cross-country." "We'd go out on the course, play from the first tee to the 9th green, stuff like that, and call it a par-12 or something. Just have a ball," he says. "There was a lot of club-whipping and club-breaking back then. Hell, it was the thing to do when you were 10 years old—see how long you could throw it. I grew up with a couple of kids who had worse tempers than I had. And my best friend's dad had the worst temper of all of us."

Of course, the day came when Stadler's father finally laid down the law—didn't Deacon Palmer once take

continued

*There's one
very good
reason why
Grand Slam
golf shirts fit
the way they
do. Because
golf isn't just
a game, it's...*

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.



Keith Fergus blasting
out of a sand trap
at Valencia golf course



GRAND SLAM.

WE FIT YOUR GAME.

young Anne's clubs away until the boy learned to control his temper? Stadler's father said, "Craig, if I ever see you throw a club again, I'm taking them away."

Craig got the message clearly enough. "After that," he says, smiling, "I made sure he never saw me."

Soon enough Stadler had himself a golf scholarship to USC and glided through his studies without much sweat, although he was forced to switch his business major because he was careless about taking the prerequisite courses. "I never cared too much about anything else anyway," he says. "Golf was always numero uno." During his college days he discovered the art of serious beer drinking and became as well known in NCAA golf circles for his guzzling as he was for his 300-yard drives and 212¹/₂ tantrums. In 1973 he won the U.S. Amateur at Inverness by the ridiculously easy score of six-up with five holes to play. The next time he was heard from he was at Hoylake, England for the 1975 British Amateur, site of the infamous caddie walkoff.

"Well, we certainly can't forget about that, can we," says Stadler, "since it still seems to come up in the papers about

three times a year. It happened on the third hole, a par-5. I hit a bad tee shot and slammed the driver into the bag a little harder than normal, near his thumb but not quite on it. Five shots later, after three-putting, I let the putter drop on the green and walked away toward the next tee. I told the caddie to pick up the putter, and he looked at me and said, 'I don't have to pick up your bleeping putter.... And I don't have to carry your bleeping bag.' He dropped it right at my feet. I said something like 'See you later,' and right away this huge guy comes out of the gallery and says, 'Well, I'll carry your bag for you, laddie.' " And so it went.

The following year Stadler qualified for the PGA Tour and, setting out to seek his fortune in an orange Camaro, found out what life as a "rabbin" is all about. He played marvelously in six Monday qualifiers, shooting 71 five times and 70 once—and got himself into one tournament. The \$2,702 he earned didn't make much of a dent in his \$24,000 in traveling expenses. "It was a bit of a blow to my confidence," he says. But the next year he made a respectable \$42,949 and improved to \$63,486 in 1978. In 1979 he finished with \$73,392. But those were the days when he was truly a club-throwing, dirt-digging maniac.

The high point in his career as a tantrum-thrower came that year in Columbus, Ga., at the aforementioned Southern Open. He remembers that by the time he reached the par-5 8th hole on the tournament's first day, he was already at "a semi-boil," three-putting everything, knocking down trees and assassinating squirrels with nasty drives. "Well, when I got up to the eighth, I whipped my tee ball into the left rough, 100 yards short of a lake with about 180 yards to clear the water," he says. "The hell with it," I say. "I'm going for it. I don't care." So I took out a six-iron and hit it dead perfect. I love the shot, but damned if it doesn't drop in the water about 10 feet short of the far edge. Well, it all came to a serious boil about then. I said to myself, "Well, dammit, I can get this six-iron to the water," and I just let it fly. It was really a beauty. I didn't quite get it to the lake, but it was a very good effort. Came up 15 yards short. And it just happened that four PGA officials were right there watching."

At the end of the round, Clyde Mangum, one of the officials, said, "Craig, I got a little present for you."

"Yeah? What could that be?" said Stadler.

"Well, we got a little problem with you throwing a club on eight."

"You're kidding," said Stadler. "Did I throw a club?"

"Well, you can appeal it if you want to," said Mangum.

Stadler just dug into his pocket, laughing, and came up with the fine. It was his last serious club throw. And, not coincidentally, the last time he played the Southern Open.

Now the turbulence of youth has given way to a new serenity. The damn-all club throw has been refined into what Stadler calls *Emphatic Club Placement*. The subtlety variation of this technique is to place the club head near the bag and slam the shaft against the bag with the right severity to fit the seriousness of the golf club's crime. For the occasional shot that is so bad that it's funny, Stadler uses the whimsical club toss—high parabola, grip first—into the bag, like a basketball set shot. These various means of expression seem to push the Creed about as far as it will go.

Of course, Stadler has not had that many occasions to be angry this year. "Oh, it's just all confidence," he says of the spectacular improvement in his play. "My game's no different than it was six years ago when I made \$2,702. Hell, I know I'm going to go out and I'm going to score well, whether I'm playing good or not. If I play bad I'm going to shoot 70, 71. If I play good, I'll shoot 64 or 65."

Going into the Masters, his stroke average of 70.45 was ninth best on the tour. His 28 50 putts per round was No. 1. He was the third-best par-breaker at .229 and the leader in birdies. "You go out with such a positive attitude," he says, "you're going to play well."

Stadler's what-the-hell attitude notwithstanding, he's a man who wants to be liked by the public and can't really understand why he isn't. "What I'd like them to say about me is this," he says. "They call him the Walrus, he's colorful, he gets hot, but he gets over it and is ready for the next shot. And he's playing great golf."

They call him the Walrus, he's colorful, he gets hot, but he gets over it and is ready for the next shot. And he's playing great golf.

Says his friend Simpson, "Funny, but the more a guy wins, the more people seem to like him."

Sue uncovered the walrus club covers.



Reach for the Super Stars with DP

All aspiring athletes have dreams...dreams of high school stardom, college success...of the "pros," of superstar status. In today's world of high-energy athletics, weight training has become an essential element of achieving that dream of success, no matter the sport. That's why DP offers such a wide



range of professional quality equipment at affordable prices. DP equipment is designed for maximum results with features developed by the pros themselves, and is ideal for home use. So visit your favorite sporting goods outlet...and reach for DP...the pathway to the super stars.

Diversified Products • 309 Williamson Ave. • Opelika, AL 36802





Photographed in Burglengen, Bavaria.

"The Turbo Diesel"

In Bavaria, Audi engineers perfected five-cylinder turbo power and diesel efficiency.

Audi Ever since devouring fuel prices descended like the wolf upon the fold, the automotive kingdom has been searching for an economy-performance ecumenism.

The solution would seem to be the turbo diesel car.

It reconciles the gospel of high economy with the doctrine of high performance.

At Audi, we have long felt that there is merit in this idea. Yet, true to our old-world way of doing things, we bring forth a new car only when we're satisfied that it advances the art of automotive engineering.

Such a car is the 1983 Audi 5000 Turbo Diesel.

It is the beneficiary of years of perfecting turbo-diesel technology by our scientists in Germany.

This car offers economy without boredom. And power without guilt.

Its engine conserves fuel as a diesel should. For a full-size, 3000-pound luxury car, it has extraordinary EPA numbers, 28 mpg EPA estimated and 36 highway estimated.*

Yet, by building a turbocharger

into our five-cylinder engine, we have increased horsepower by 25 percent on demand.

Because we engineered the 5000 Turbo Diesel thoughtfully and patiently, it is more economical and more reasonably priced than most other turbo diesel cars.

Because it's an Audi, the 5000 Turbo Diesel bristles with new ideas.

The world's first E-Mode automatic transmission is one.

It is a smooth, 3-speed automatic with an additional "E" selection. Place the selector into "E" where the transmission automatically shifts into neutral when you ease up on the gas.

At highway speeds, this allows the engine to rest, reducing engine wear and conserving extra fuel.

Under the hood we've incorporated many engineering gems that only an engineer could love.

For example: an additional oil cooling system to spray oil onto the bottom of each piston for extra cooling.

Forty percent more chrome on the upper piston rings for greater longevity.

28

36

Sodium-filled exhaust valves to help withstand excessive heat.

New metallurgical alloys in valve seals and swirl chambers.

It's axiomatic that these and other advancements are typical of the 5000 Turbo Diesel's careful engineering.

Complementing all of this engineering is the luxury of a classic European touring interior: upholstered, contoured seats. Plush carpets. Air-conditioning. Digital clock. Full instrumentation, including tach and turbo boost gauges. And an AM/FM stereo radio with cassette player.

The Audi 5000 Turbo Diesel.

The turbo diesel of turbo diesels. For your nearest Porsche Audi dealer or details on the Audi Delivery In Europe Program, call toll-free (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

*Use "estimated mpg" for comparisons. Mileage varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

© 1982 Porsche Audi

PORSCHE + AUDI

Audi: the art of engineering.

Ultra Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

A black and white photograph of a man with a beard and dark hair, wearing a dark shirt, playing a trumpet. The trumpet is angled diagonally across the frame, with the bell pointing towards the upper right. The background is dark and out of focus.

There's only one way to play it...

Wherever the music is hot,
the taste is Kool. At any 'tar' level, there's
only one sensation this refreshing.



Original



Low 'tar'



2 mg.

BASEBALL

by Jim Kaplan

The guys on WCCO last Tuesday were having all kinds of fun talking about the weather. Blizzards are burying the Northeast, they reported with a chorle. Bostonians are jamming grocery stores to stock up on food. Schools and factories are closing down. A foot of snow has fallen in New York City. There are hurricane winds in Virginia.

Weather-watching is a staple in places like Miami and Phoenix, but, oh ye Norse gods, this was Minneapolis, where, it's said, there are only two months a year when it positively can't snow. So why were the folks there talking about the bad weather elsewhere and ignoring their own sub-freezing temperatures and snowy landscape? Because the weather



Balls sailed over the fence with ease in the Metrodome, which has a roof of Fiberglas.

Oh, give them a dome...

Where the Twins' players roam, and the skies are not cloudy all day

was fine inside the city's new \$55 million Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome (capacity: 54,000 for baseball, 63,500 for football), which opened on April 6 as the home of the Twins, the Vikings, the University of Minnesota football team and, for the moment, baseball's tired, hungry and cold.

"I've been gagging all day," said Minnesota owner Calvin Griffith, who was sporting a laminated Metrodome I.D. tag and an old HHH campaign button. "The Red Sox went back to Florida because the weather is so terrible in Boston, the Brewers are practicing in the Houston Astrodome, the Yankees are snowed out, and the White Sox and Blue Jays are going to have practice games here."

The Metrodome has already been a godsend for Minnesota sport. If 45,000-seat Metropolitan Stadium, which will probably soon be razed to make way for an industrial park, were still in use, the Vikings would long since have left town, and the Twins, who had baseball's worst attendance the last two seasons thanks to

spring cold and summer fadeout, would be looking around. Small wonder Minnesotans greeted the new stadium with enthusiasm. The only apparent dissenters on opening night were 75 purists who camped out at the doomed old Met in suburban Bloomington to protest the death of outdoor baseball in the Twin Cities. But even they pulled out radios and portable TVs to follow the new Met's rousing debut—a rock 'em, sock 'em, five-homer, 25-hit game in which Seattle beat Minnesota 11-7 before 52,279 fans, the largest home crowd in the Twins' 22-year history.

Even in defeat it was a memorable occasion. The temperature was 28° outside and 70° beneath the Teflon-coated Fiberglas roof. After a 30-hour train ride, Pearl Bailey sang the national anthem a cappella, and Muriel Humphrey Brown, widow of the former Vice-President, threw out the first ball. Unlike some others, it stayed in the park.

Before the game there were fears that not many batted balls would reach the

leftfield stands, 343 feet distant down the line and 385 in the alley. (The right-side dimensions are 327 and 367.) Few homers had been hit in batting practice, and fewer still in a couple of high-scoring exhibitions between the Phillies and Twins. But opening night—indeed opening week—was different, with hits caroming around the park like blips on a Pong machine. The Twins' Dave Engle homered down the leftfield line in the first inning of the lid-lifter and was so excited he didn't break stride rounding the bases. Four more homers followed, including three to leftfield. The teams hit eight homers in the next two games, which the Twins won 7-5 and 4-1.

Home runs are only the most visible reason the Metrodome could become the most offense-oriented park in baseball. The playing surface is Superturf, the springiest artificial topping in the game. "It's like starting blocks," said Seattle Second Baseman Julio Cruz, who stole a base in the opener. In the Twins-Mariners series, ground balls shimmied along, kicking toward the lines and hopping out of fielders' gloves.

The ball also took some funny hops in the outfield. But after a while, the players

continued



Bacardi dark.
It tastes good mixed because
it tastes good unmixed.

BACARDI rum. The super sip. Made in Puerto Rico.



Ready for Mt. St. Helens, Hurricane Allen, Love Canal.

Red Cross: Ready for a new century.



BASEBALL continued

figured out that this new surface required special strategies. "The bounce is higher here than at our place, and fielders will have to rush up and trap the ball to prevent it from hopping over their heads," said Marvett Leffelsfelder Bruce Bochte, a veteran of four seasons in Seattle's Kingdome. "I know we're supposed to play back on artificial turf, but not here. A ball hit past you will probably be over the fence or at least high off the wall. We'll have to cheat in on it more." Speaking for the pitchers, Twins Reliever Doug Corbett said, "No lead is going to be safe here. It's going to be a house of thrills."

But it will also be an empty house if the Twins don't develop into a contender. For now, Griffith is selling his young, pitching-poor club as entertainment rather than as a winner. Even so, Minnesota has three good rookies—Third Baseman Gary Gaetti, Centerfielder Jim Es-se-nreich (of St. Cloud, Minn.) and First Baseman Kent Hrbek (of Bloomington).

"I saw Hrbek in the sandlots, and the way the ball went off that aluminum bat, why it reminded me of Ted Williams," Griffith says. Indeed, Hrbek, who last season led organized baseball with a .379 average at Class A Visalia, Calif. and beat the Yankees with a homer in his first major league game in August, has a drawing of Williams hanging over his locker. "They started calling me Ted at Visalia," said Hrbek, who is tall and self-assured, the very incarnation of the Natural. "Maybe someday they'll call someone Kent." When Hrbek hit a 400-foot homer and fielded like a Gold Glove last week, they were calling him, accurately enough, a winner.

A spring fill-in for the disabled John Custino, Gaetti will be difficult to displace at third. "He has almost the power of a Harmon Killebrew, and he's a good defensive player," says Griffith. Gaetti homered three times while going 7 for 10 in the Seattle series and was thrown out trying for an inside-the-park home run in his first at bat. Every bit as classy at third as Hrbek is at first, Gaetti is of the Sal Bando breed: stocky, tough, durable and pleasant, with an Italian surname. When Gaetti followed a homer with a walk in his next at bat, in Game 3, he was disgusted. "The guy [Seattle righthander Gene Nelson] should have at least tried to hit me," he said. Nervous and ingenious, Es-senreich proclaims himself "amazed to be here. Last year I was following these guys, and now they're my teammates." Griffith

misses that Eisenreich is the fave. Twin waves a "magic wand" and isn't afraid to bounce into fences.

It will take a while to determine if the new Twins are as notable as their new dome. Unlike most other large arenas, this one was built on time and under budget and figures to meet operating and debt expenses.

Unfortunately for the Twins and their fans, the dome seems to have been designed for football. The seats face squarely out over the field; they are not angled toward the pitcher's mound as is the custom. And the upper deck is set back rather than overhanging, the better to accommodate 115 luxury boxes owned by the Vikings. "I cannot understand sitting in a glass-enclosed booth in a domed stadium," says Twins Executive Vice-President Clark Griffith, Calvin's son, with considerable logic.

If the Metrodome isn't an ideal baseball stadium, neither is Minnesota an ideal baseball team. The Twins have finished below .500 each of the last two years, and since 1976 they have lost 18 free agents and signed one. "We don't have the population or the radio-TV contract to pay those salaries," Calvin Griffith says, ignoring the fact that the Twins have baseball's highest average ticket price (\$7.50) and lowest average salary (\$90,000).

"If he doesn't pay, he'll lose all the young guys with potential," said a Twin last week. And Metrodome or not, the team would be out in the cold again.

THE WEEK

April 5-11

by HERM WEISKOPF

AL EAST Baseball, it is often said, is "a game of inches." Last week, those inches pertained not only to pitched and batted balls but also to amounts of snow and rain. Cries of "Play ball!" were frequently replaced by those of "Plow snow!" Sixteen games were weathered out in the American League and five in the National.

After being snowed out in Chicago, the Red Sox returned to their Florida spring-training camp for two days of workouts. As they prepared to board a Friday flight to Baltimore, where they were to open the next day, a thunderstorm with gusts up to 70 mph knocked out the lobby lights in the Orlando airport. Dennis Eckerley then left the Oracle batons in the dark by hurling Boston's first

continued

GOOD NEWS FOR BAD KNEES.

At Converse®, we've developed two new shoes to help reduce the risk of a problem that has become painfully evident to many runners: knee injuries.

The shoes are called Phaeton® and Selena®. And they're based on an exclusive

over conventional running shoes. The shoes also have Scotch Lite® Reflective Fabric* for night running safety which, under normal circumstances, allows you to be seen in all directions from over 200 yards away.

And they weigh a mere 270 grams in Size 9.

But superlatives aside, there really is only one way to determine what the Phaeton and Selena can do for you: run, *very carefully*, down to your nearest Converse dealer and try a pair on.



The Converse Stabilizer Bar. It acts as a brake during pronation.

design philosophy no other running shoe has adopted.

We call it the Stabilizer Bar. And simply put, what it does is help control pronation, the brutal side-to-side motion that occurs as your foot rolls inward at heelstrike.



a. Normal pronation
b. Excessive pronation

Our Stabilizer Bar gently helps "brake" your foot as it pronates, with the result that it helps lessen the twisting motion. So less of it reaches your ankle, less reaches your leg and obviously, less reaches your knee.

The Stabilizer Bar is not, however, the only advantage the Phaeton and Selena enjoy



*A trademark of 3M Company



CONVERSE, OFFICIAL SPONSOR OF THE 1994 OLYMPIC GAMES. ©1992 CONVERSE, INC.

Opening Day shutout in 30 years, winning 2-0. John Tudor also blanked the Birds, 6-0. Baltimore had started off by drubbing Kansas City 13-5 with one of the rarest of feats—a "cycle" of four homers: Gary Roenicke homered with the bases empty, Cal Ripken hit one with a man on, Dan Ford had one with two on, and Eddie Murray grand-slammed.

With Ben Ogilvie and Cecil Cooper each getting three hits and four RBIs, the Brewers bombed the Blue Jays 15-4. Toronto, 1-8 in extra-inning games last season, beat Milwaukee 3-2 the next day on a single in the 10th by Berry Bonnell, who went 5 for 5.

Tons of snow removed from Cleveland Stadium were dumped into Lake Erie. Then, with 62,443 fans looking on, the Indians were dumped 8-3 by the Rangers. On Sunday, though, Len Barker coasted past Texas 13-1.

After two postponements at home, the Tigers went to Kansas City, where their cold bats produced only seven singles in a pair of losses. In addition, Shortstop Alan Trammell suffered a 40-stitch gash in his forehead while horsing around with Pitcher Dave Rozema in a K.C. bar.

Chicago and New York didn't open until a Sunday doubleheader at Yankee Stadium, which had been covered by snowdrifts as high as three feet. The Yanks lost both games.

BOS 2-1 MIL 2-1 BAL 2-2 CLE 1-1
DET 1-2 TOR 1-2 NY G-2

AL WEST "I was on the wagon for one whole day, but this game drove me to drink," said Oakland Manager Billy Martin after a 16-inning, 8-6 loss to California. The game was the longest ever for both teams: five hours and 31 minutes. It was settled when the Angels scored four times in the top of the 16th inning, the first run coming on Doug DeCinces' second homer of the day. The A's also lost to California's Geoff Zahn 7-0.

For the second time in five years, Kansas City's Dennis Leonard was tagged for three home runs on Opening Day, this time by Baltimore. One of those blasts was a grand slam, the first ever off Leonard in 247 appearances. Another slam, this one by Amos Otis, carried Larry Gura past Detroit 4-2. Leonard, Grant Jackson and Don Quesberry took care of the Tigers 5-2 with a one-hitter.

Texas, with six new starters, beat Cleveland 8-3. Two of the old hands were Charlie Hough, who did the pitching, and Buddy Bell, who homered twice. One newcomer was rookie Centerfielder George Wright, who singled, doubled, homered and had three RBIs.

Seattle also got a single, double and homer from a rookie, Jim Mauer. Mauer, chosen by his teammates as "the worst hitter in spring training," used those hits to drive in five runs during an 11-7 romp over the Twins. The Mariners handed the A's their second 16-inning loss of the week, winning 6-3 on Jim Es-

BALL PARK FIGURES

The lousy weather over much of the country last week caused six Tuesday openers to be rescheduled, the most Opening Day postponements anyone cared to remember. The following games are ranked according to the nastiness of the conditions at the scheduled local starting times:

1. Texas at New York (2:00): 25", 37-mph winds, 6" of snow and more falling.
2. Montreal at Pittsburgh (12:35): 24", 46-mph winds, 2" of snow and more on way.
3. New York at Philadelphia (7:35): 23", 40-mph winds, 3" of snow.
4. Toronto at Detroit (1:30): 26", 25-mph winds, 7" of snow.
5. Cleveland at Milwaukee (1:30): 27", 12-mph winds, 9" of snow.
6. Boston at Chicago (1:15): 28", 15-mph winds, 8" of snow.

san's fifth hit of the game, a three-run double. Bill Almon had five of Chicago's 23 hits during a 7-6, 2-0 sweep in New York. Almon's biggest blow was a triple in the 12th turning of the opener, after which he scored the decisive run on Ron LeFlore's single.

CHC 2-0 MINN 4-2 CAL 3-3 OAK 3-3
KC 2-2 TEX 1-1 SEA 2-4

NL EAST While the Cubs were beating the Mets 5-0, the P.A. announcer in Chicago made an unusual request. "Please refrain from throwing snowballs on the field." Ferguson Jenkins, back with the Cubs after eight seasons in the American League, won that game.

The next day New York defeated Chicago 9-5 behind five RBIs by Dave Kingman and strong pitching by Pat Zachry, who went 7½ innings before giving up a hit. Randy Jones also pitched well, going six innings during a 7-2 triumph in Philadelphia. Several fans at that twice-postponed Veterans Stadium opener wore Conehead masks, which might more appropriately have been worn by the Phils, who batted numerous fielding plays and let two of four runners apparently picked off by Steve Carlton escape runaways.

Steve Rogers and Bill Gullickson of the Expos added to the Phils' woes. Rogers beat them 2-0 with a three-hit, 10-strikeout performance. Gullickson tied a big league record with six wild pitches, but won 11-3.

Two new Cardinals paid early dividends. Lonnie Smith, late of the Phillies, stole five bases and hit a grand slam homer. And Ozzie Smith, the enswallow Padre, won \$9 from Manager Whitey Herzog, who waxes Smith to hit grounders and get on base. The bet works this way: Each time Smith fans or hits a ball that's caught in the air, he pays a buck, each

time he gets a hit, walk or grounder. Herzog pays up. Jim Kaat, 43, became the first pitcher ever to play in 24 seasons when he mopped up during a 14-3 rout of Houston. Pittsburgh, after being weathered out three times at home, went to St. Louis and won 11-7.

NY 3-1 MONT 2-1 PITT 1-1
OKE 2-3 STL 2-3 PHIL 1-3

NL WEST After last season, the Padres threw out Manager Frank Howard. On Opening Day last week, the first ball was thrown out by Howard Frank, a local attorney. Some other turn-arounds weren't so amusing. San Diego pitchers allowed only 54 walks in 25 spring-training games, but in the season opener Juan Eichelberger walked eight men in 6½ innings and lost 1-0 to Atlanta. The Padres, who hit well enough to be Cactus League champs, didn't score during their first 16 innings of the season. And Garry Templeton, who batted .397 in exhibition games, started off for 17. But the Padres beat L.A. 7-4 by scoring in each of the last seven innings.

Terry Forster of Los Angeles, who had arm trouble for several seasons, won for the first time in almost three years when he pitched two shutout innings of relief. Dusty Baker's single in the ninth gave Forster a 4-3 victory over the Giants. Fernando Valenzuela was his old self—at age 21—going six innings during a 6-0 win over San Diego.

Three homers and seven RBIs by Dale Murphy helped Atlanta to open with five straight wins, its best start since 1957. Murphy's third home run came on Sunday as the Braves beat Nolan Ryan of the Astros 5-0.

Houston's troubles were twofold. The first four men in the batting order hit a collective .167, and Astro pitchers were roughed up for 33 runs in four losses to Atlanta and St. Louis. Bob Knepper, with last-inning relief from

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

RICK MAHLER: The Atlanta rightlander beat San Diego 1-0 on two hits and Houston 5-0 on five hits. He walked four and fanned 12 as he extended his two-year scoreless streak to a total of 23 innings.

Dave Smith, whitewashed the Cardinals 1-0.

Cincinnati's Mario Soto didn't win either of his two starts even though he struck out 20 men in 14½ innings. Soto gave up a homer to the first batter he faced in each game—Bump Wills of the Cubs and Chili Davis of the Giants. Four-hit pitching by Frank Pastore made the Reds 7-0 winners over the Giants. A two-run single in the 10th by Joe Morgan gave the Giants a 7-5 victory in Cincinnati.

ATL 5-0 LA 3-1 CIN 2-3
SF 2-3 HOUS 2-4 SD 1-3

Keep on the straight and narrow.

It took a design breakthrough
to beat the top-selling
game improvement irons for accuracy.*

Introducing the Wilson 1200 GE™

To the left, a tree-studded hill. To the right, a creek, sand, more trees and out-of-bounds. All you have to do is hit the ball 150 yards, nice and straight. Good luck.

And good thing Wilson has just achieved a breakthrough in iron design: the 1200 Gear Effect.™ We moved the center of gravity from the club face to a point behind the face.

So, if you hit on the heel, the 1200 GE spins the ball left to right, back toward the target line. A hit on the toe spins in the opposite direction, again, bringing it back on the straight and narrow.

No conventional game improvement club we've tested can match the accuracy of the 1200 GE. In fact:

Our tests show that the 1200 GE was significantly more accurate than its competitors.

Go with the club that can improve your game where you need it most: in accuracy. Have your golf pro show you the new Wilson 1200 GE. It beat all the others. Straight up.

Wilson



*The 1200 GE 5 iron outperformed Ping Eye, Ping I, Ping III, Spalding Executive, Titleist Accu-Flite, and Lynx Predator irons. For test methodology and results, write to: Golf Marketing, Wilson Sporting Goods Co., 2233 West Street, River Grove, Illinois 60171.

FOR \$2869,* THIS GS-650 GL EVERYTHING BUT THE TIME TOSS THAT IN, TOO.

Two-tone color adds a custom look to the best 650 around.

Maintenance-free transistorized ignition provides a hotter, more consistent spark for sure starts.

Conveniently located accessory terminal allows easy patch into the electrical system.

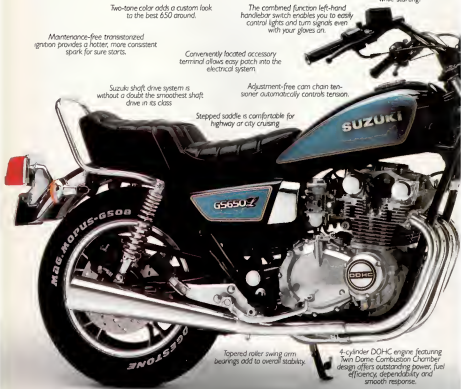
Suzuki shaft drive system is without a doubt the smoothest shaft drive in its class.

Stepped saddle is comfortable for highway or city cruising.

Adjustment-free cam chain tensioner automatically controls tension.

A new fingertip choke lever allows you to easily regulate the choke while starting.

The combined function left-hand handlebar switch enables you to easily control lights and turn signals even with your gloves on.



Tapered roller swing arm bearings add to overall stability.

4-cylinder DOHC engine featuring Twin Dome Combustion Chamber design offers outstanding power, fuel efficiency, dependability and smooth response.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price.

Offer good February 1 through June 30, 1982, while GS-650GLZ current supplies last. Valid only at participating Suzuki dealers in the 48 contiguous United States.

GIVES YOU OF DAY. AND WE'LL

See your Suzuki dealer before June 30, and get everything you always wanted in a 650cc motorcycle. And more.

The 1982 GS-650GL is right up your alley. It offers all the features of a much larger bike in a beautiful, custom-styled package.

Take the time to compare it to any other 650cc bike. You'll find, feature for feature, the GS-650GL is the greatest value of them all.

And, when you buy your new GS-650GL, Suzuki will give you this handsome Pulsar Quartz digital watch to go with it.

Don't let this incredible deal pass you by.

Your Suzuki dealer has all the details.

Wide, raised white letter tires give a special custom look.

New instrumentation features a fuel gauge and digital gear position indicator.

Quartz-Halogen headlight creates strong, bright illumination for safer riding at night.

Leading axle front air forks increase high-speed stability.

Great looking, new mag-type wheels set the GS-650GL apart from all the rest.

Just like the GS-650GL, this amazing Pulsar Quartz digital watch has it all: Built-in illumination. Water resistant.

Continuous readout of hours, minutes, seconds, day, date and month. Repeating alarm. Stopwatch that measures elapsed time in hours, minutes and seconds. Lap times to 1/100th of a second. Special counting systems. And, for a personal touch, it's specially embossed in gold with the Suzuki name.



PULSAR QUARTZ



Slotted front and rear disc brakes offer sure stopping power.

PERFORMANCE ABOVE ALL

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Winston

Nobody does it better.

This is your world.
This is your Winston.
The only low tar
built on taste.
Winston Lights

11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DB1 "01."



It was a series of spittle and spite. As the NHL playoffs got under way last week amid upsets and near upsets, the most upsetting performance of all was turned in by the Chicago Black Hawks, a team that was as pleasant to watch as a street fight. You want to see high sticking? The Goon Hawks are your team. You want stitches? Go, Chi-town. How about a nice brawl in the stands, the orange-clad security police versus West Club Circle? Chicago Stadium is the place for you. And the fine art of goobering at the opposing coach has been perfected there. So has the littering of the ice with bottles, paper cups and lighters—a delightful practice that on Saturday night led to Hawk Darryl Sutter separating a shoulder. Needless to say, NHL hockey took a giant step backward last week as the Black Hawks defeated the Minnesota North Stars, losing Stanley Cup finalist in 1981, three games to one.

There were all sorts of odd occurrences in the eight best-of-five series that opened the playoffs. By week's end Edmonton and Montreal, which finished second and third, respectively, in the overall standings, were just one game away from elimination, as were the defending champion New York Islanders. The Oilers and the Los Angeles Kings demonstrated their version of tight-checking playoff hockey by scoring 18 goals in their opener, a 10-8 win for the Kings, three more than had ever been scored in a postseason game. In Game 3 of that series Edmonton blew a 5-0 third-period lead, losing 6-5. But the most bizarre—and laudable—playoff performance was put on by Edward DeBartolo Sr., owner of the Penguins, who was so disgusted by Pittsburgh's losses in its first two games, 8-1 and 7-2 on the home ice of the Islanders, that he offered to refund the price of admission to any Penguin ticketholder who didn't want to see Game 3, in Pittsburgh. How did the Penguins react to this? They beat the Island-

It was a sight for gore eyes

Chicago defeated Minnesota in an upsetting opening of the playoffs



ers 2-1 in overtime and then evened the series 2-2 with a 5-2 win Sunday night.

The Black Hawks didn't figure to stand much of a chance against the North Stars, having finished with a 30-38-12 regular-season record, 15th overall in the NHL. The North Stars, 37-23-20, had the fifth-best record in the league. Worse, the Hawks' performance on the road had been pitiful—10-25-5. But in February, Chicago General Manager Bob Pufford had stepped behind the Hawk bench, replacing Keith Magnuson. Pufford stresses disciplined, checking hockey, and the Hawks, who have exceptionally big players, are well suited for that style.

To conclude the regular season, the Hawks faced the North Stars in a seemingly unimportant game. Psychologically, however, it proved crucial. Not only did Chicago rally from a three-goal deficit to win 4-3, but afterward Minnesota Coach Glen Sonmor was so upset with the intimidating tactics of Al Secord,

by E.M. Swift

Chicago's 44-goal scorer who also set a club record with 303 penalty minutes this season, that Sonmor called Secord an "idiot" and promised to retaliate. "In the playoffs we won't go after Secord, we'll go right up to [Denis] Savard and wring his neck." Savard is the Hawks' leading scorer (119 points on the regular season) and, not coincidentally, at 5' 10", 167 pounds, their smallest player. Thus were the battle lines drawn. The opening game, played last Wednesday night in Bloomington, Minn., provided the battle.

Bannemen (left) had banner days; Meloche was bombed and hid out.



In the first period, 125 minutes in penalties were called. Dave Hutchison, a tail-endless Black Hawk defenceman, got things rolling at the 6:32 mark by busting Minnesota's leading scorer, Dino Ciccarelli, in the face. Ciccarelli took four stitches and Hutchison took a five-minute major penalty. A minute after

continued

Chevrolet

CELEBRITY

THE BRIGHT NEW SHAPE OF CHEVROLET



**THE PRECISION, THE EFFICIENCY,
THE DRIVING FEEL OF FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE
IS NO LONGER LIMITED TO SMALL CARS.**

**It's reflected in
Chevrolet's newest and
largest front-wheel-drive.**

Over six-and-one-half feet of
leg room in the front and rear
seats. Quiet, smooth comfort.
And the convenience of a full
16-cu.-ft. trunk.

**Less than 12 HP to cruise
at 50 MPH.**

Efficiency shaped by state-of-
the-art aerodynamics. And
powered by new standard-engine
Electronic Fuel
injection.

40

EST
HWP

25

EST
MPG*

**Come drive our bright
new shape.**

Come feel its poised precision,
its quiet smoothness. The per-
formance of front-wheel drive
and the comfort of a larger car
come together. At your
Chevrolet dealer's now.

* Use estimated MPG for comparisons. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Some Chevrolets are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.

GM

Hutchison got out of the penalty box, he was fighting with Jack Carlson, the North Stars' strong-armed winger. Hutchison defended himself with his face and was none the prettier for it. But the fight doubly helped the Chicago cause. First, Hutchison was unable to return for the remainder of that game and the next, which considerably improved the Hawks' defense. Second, Carlson mangled his knuckles on Hutchison's teeth and was lost for three games. So it is that battles are won and wars are lost.

The teams eventually began to play hockey, and at the end of regulation time the score was tied at 2-2, although the North Stars had outshot the Hawks 47-22. The Chicago goalie was Murray Bannerman. No goaltender besides Tony Esposito had won a playoff game for the Black Hawks since 1972. Esposito himself hadn't won many in that time. Coming into the Minnesota series, the Hawks had lost 27 of their last 30 postseason outings and were riding a seven-game losing streak that they had accumulated over the past two years. But Bannerman performed heroically, and a spectacular play by Savard won the game for Chicago. Three and a half minutes into OT, Minnesota's crushing Steve Payne collided with Bannerman, who was coming out to stop him, and as the puck was rolling into the open cage, Savard swept in to knock it away. He then picked up the

loose puck and took it the length of the ice, feeding it to Defenseman Greg Fox, who slapped it past Minnesota's Gilles Meloche to end the game. Admitted Puff-blow, "We were lucky to win."

North Star General Manager Lou Nanne credited the Chicago win to Bannerman. "He was unbelievable, just sensational," Nanne said. Sweet Lou from the Soo had taken all the North Stars to see *Chariots of Fire* the day before the first game (the matinee, of course, so tickets were only a buck and a half), but if that move was supposed to heat up his legs, it failed miserably. Minnesota's power play, third with 89 goals in the regular season, went 0-8 in the opener and allowed the Hawks to score shorthanded.

The North Stars had not lost two games in a row at home all year, and the Black Hawks had not won two back to back on the road. On Thursday Chicago ended both those strings by winning 5-3 and taking a commanding 2-0 lead in the series. The star that night was Center Tom Lystak, who had two goals and two assists and 12 stitches—courtesy of the stick of Curt Giles. Minnesota outshot the Hawks in every period for the second straight night, but Bannerman was again outstanding.

Back home. The Chicago Sun-Times expressed the city's surprise with the headline: NO LIE! HAWKS AGAIN TOP NORTH STARS

The third game, played before the largest hockey crowd ever at Chicago Stadium, 20,960, was a sight for gore eyes. The North Stars' power play became untracked and scored four times in six tries—including a hat trick by Ciccarelli. Down 6-1 after two periods, the Black Hawks played the third with an eye toward Game 4 on Sunday: They began trying to intimidate the speedier Stars. "It was a spoken thing among the players," said Lystak. "We had embarrassed ourselves the first two periods and had to establish something in the third. We thought we had it won and we came out a little filthy rich. We're a club that can't stand prosperity."

In the third period, already beaten, the Hawks came out filthy—period. Elbows and high sticks flew, two more fights erupted, and the ubiquitous Hutchison managed to get his swollen, purple face whacked a few more times. Savard, neck twisting, was drawn into a shouting match with Somor during an interruption in the brawling and, apparently at a loss for words, spat at him—receiving a gross misconduct, the most aptly named penalty in sport. The fans, inspired by their heroes, began littering the ice. When someone threw a bottle that shattered near Minnesota's Meloche, security guards moved in and a scene right out of the Democratic National Convention of 1968 took place. To add injury to insult, the Hawks' Sutter tripped over some debris and slid into the boards, separating his left shoulder, in the final minutes of the 7-1 game.

Disgusted by the whole scene, Nanne said, "I don't remember ever wanting to beat a team as bad as I want to beat these guys. Tonight's game was sickening."

Added North Star Forward Mark Johnson, "And you wonder why hockey gets a bad name."

The fans—at least the ones not being handcuffed by the police—seemed to enjoy the spectacle, and 14,367 more came back the next night when the Black Hawks wrapped up the series 5-2. Esposito returned to goal for Chicago and was superb. The North Stars had been done in by hot goaltending, which so often happens in the playoffs, especially in a short series. They had played very well and in that respect could be proud in defeat. The real loser of this series, of course, was the sport of hockey. One more loss in a long, long line.

Go, Chi-town.

END



Brad Maxwell and Terry Ruskowski showed off one of hockey's low arts, high sticking.

TRACK & FIELD

by Kenny Moore

It was only as the race was upon him that Alberto Salazar felt things coming together. Despite a steady rain last Saturday afternoon in Eugene, Ore., the newness of the outdoor season and the weeks of frantic effort he'd put into assembling a marvelous field for this invitational 10,000 meters in his hometown, there were uplifting signs.

Minutes before, in the final individual race of an Oregon-LSU dual meet, for example, Oregon junior Jim Hill had broken out alone through the rain in the 5,000 and cut almost 18 seconds from his lifetime best with a clocking of 13:30.52, the fastest in the world so far this year. Afterward, Hill ducked into the little metal storage shed at the top of the backstretch. "Nasty out there," he said.

Salazar was changing into his racing shirt. "You psyched me up by running that," he said to Hill. And as they spoke, the announcement came that the Oregon women's team had beaten UCLA in Los Angeles 69-58 on the strength of Leann Warren's victories in the 800, 1,500 and

3,000 meters. And now 5,868 jubilant, demanding spectators were calling from beneath the roofed stands of Hayward Field for Salazar to bring out his field and defeat it.

The 14 runners began at a deliberate speed, feeling out the track and the others and themselves. Jose Gomez of Mexico, who had been the last man to fall away from Salazar in Salazar's world-record New York Marathon last October, led at the 440 in 65.7. Salazar took over before the end of a half mile, looking smooth and light. Still the field was a cluster behind him, two and three wide. Then Adrian Royle took the lead, passing the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile in 3:19.9, and the race fell into single file.

Royle, 23, from Grimsby on the east coast of England and a history major at Nevada-Reno, was running his first 10,000 meters on the track, but he had been invited by Salazar because the last time they had raced, in the TAC National Cross-Country race in November, Royle had not only won, he had crowed: "I knew I had it won the whole way," he'd said. When asked if he was worried about a vengeful Salazar in this race,

Royle said, "I don't care about him. The only one I care about is Henry Rono." Even with all his organizing duties, Salazar was well aware of Royle's statement. Yet the outspoken Royle admitted a grudging admiration for Salazar's courage. "If I were putting on a race," he said, "I wouldn't invite any guys who can kick like these Africans."

Salazar would, and did, and thus in fifth ran Salesman Nyambui of Tanzania and UTEP, who has won a full dozen NCAA track titles at distances from the mile to 10,000 and possesses the silver medal from the 5,000 in the Moscow Olympics. In fourth was Michael Musyoki of Kenya, also a student at UTEP, who six days earlier had set a world best for 10,000 meters on the road, running 27:48 in New Orleans. Before the race Nyambui and Musyoki had waited in their shared motel room as long as possible. "We watched out the window," said Musyoki, "and said, 'Oh, it's raining, let's wait,' and 'Oh, it's still raining . . .'" They got to the track as the 10,000 field was being called.

"For a mile I felt as fresh as anything," said Musyoki, "but after five laps I didn't know what was happening. It was as if someone were pulling backward on me." The two starkly lean Africans, so splendid at heat dissipation on hot days, couldn't retain enough warmth in the rainy, 50° weather to keep running freely and soon fell back.

Yet Henry Rono, also Kenyan, led past the mile in 4:27.1. Stockier than Nyambui and Musyoki, he seemed better insulated. When Salazar again led at five and six laps, beginning to apply serious pressure, Rono hung close. He's the world-record holder at this distance, with his 27:22.4 run in Vienna in 1978, and he has had many stirring races against Salazar because he ran for Washington State during the span that Salazar ran for Oregon (1976-1981). Rono had beaten Salazar every time. Getting him into this special race had become Salazar's main project.

"Sure, Henry said he'd like to run in

continued

Y'all come, ready to run

Alberto Salazar's invitational 10,000-meter race provided good times for all



After barely surviving Salazar's race-long surges, Rono (101) won the duel to the tape.



\$2.50 MONEY-BACK OFFER

With 10 proofs of purchase • complete details inside

CHAMPIONSHIP QUALITY

NOW IT REALLY PAYS TO PLAY PENN.

INTRODUCING THE PENN[®] MONEY-BACK OFFER.



The company responsible for virtually every major innovation in the modern tennis ball—from the first high-visibility yellow ball to the spectacular new two-tone-offers you yet another fresh idea. A check for \$2.50. Simply collect and mail in 10 Penn proof-of-purchase coupons. They come inside every specially marked can of Penn and Pro Penn balls—orange (a Penn first), hard and soft court balls (Penn firsts) and, of course, our top-selling yellow and new two-tone balls.

Just pull the safety ring top (a Penn first) off the pressurized can (one more Penn first) and you're on your way. For every 10 coupons, you get a check.*

And there's more. Collect just 3 coupons, send us a check for \$2.50 and we'll send you one of our new Penn T-shirts. Every sharp.

This special offer ends September 30, 1982. So stock up now and find out what good players have known for years. It pays to play Penn.

* Orders must be postmarked by September 30, 1982. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Offer good in U.S. only. Void where prohibited. Limit: Five \$2.50 Refund Checks Per Person. Address: Household or Organization.



Penn Athletic Products Company 

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS

BEFORE PHOTOGRAPHY

By Peter Galassi

An exploration of the artistic, rather than technological roots of photography, this is the "indispensable catalogue [of] what may be one of the most important exhibitions ever mounted at The Museum of Modern Art. —Hilton Kramer, *N.Y. Times*
63 illus. (8 in color) 166 pp. 8 1/2 x 9 1/4
The Museum of Modern Art
Cloth \$22.50 Paper \$12.50



THE WORK OF ATGET: OLD FRANCE

By John Szarkowski and Maria Morris Hambourg

The first of four volumes planned to document the full extent of Atget's achievement, this book presents haunting but little-known images of rural France. 121 Impression plates, 63 reference illus. 180 pp. 10 1/2 x 11 1/4
The Museum of Modern Art \$40.00



AMERICAN LANDSCAPES

Photographs from the Collection of The Museum of Modern Art

By John Szarkowski

Fifty-eight master photographs—by Ansel Adams, Eliot Porter, Dorothea Lange, Edward Weston and many others—chronicle the photographer's response to the particular challenges of the American terrain. 58 duotone illus. 80 pp. 10 x 9
The Museum of Modern Art
Cloth \$14.95 Paper \$7.95



FROM MY WINDOW

André Kertész

The most recent work, and the only color images, by one of our century's greatest photographers. These 53 previously unpublished photographs, all using Polaroid's SX-70, are extraordinary personal statements that evoke strong and immediate response. 53 color illus. 72 pp. 8 1/2 x 9 \$24.95



More Pictures Perfect from

NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY BOOKS/
Little, Brown, 34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02106

Eugene," Salazar had said the day before the race, "but there were all these conditions, little favors. I practically became his agent for two weeks. 'Get me into that race in California the week before, and call me up when you have it arranged,' he told me." Salazar obeyed, and Rono finished second in the Martin Luther King Games 5,000 at Stanford. That race, too, had been in the rain. "It didn't help my confidence," said Rono.

When Salazar went out to meet Rono's plane in Eugene on Monday, Rono wasn't on it. "Thursday night he still wasn't here," said Salazar. For four hours Salazar phoned runners around the country, and at midnight located Rono in Provo, Utah, where he'd gone for altitude training. "He said he wanted a 5,000," said Salazar. "He wasn't ready for a 10,000. I felt he was being irresponsible. It's the result of years of appeasement by meet directors." Salazar told Rono that he expected him to live up to his promise, and that the race would remain 10,000 meters. Rono was in Eugene the next morning.

And he was there at three miles. Only he and Royle had been able to withstand Salazar's relentless pressure. Salazar had run each of the last five laps in 66 seconds, and he had done it by throwing in 20-yard surges on the backstretches, a softening-up tactic he had learned from one Henry Rono.

"I'd have had to really work to get back with Salazar and Rono every time he did that," said Royle. "And the crowd was bloody fantastic, stamping and shouting in unison. And not a partisan crowd just for AL. They were roaring for all of us, for the race itself."

"It's the best crowd in the U.S.," said Rono, and he admitted he needed everything it could give him. "Alberto's pace was too fast to do anything but stay behind and wait. It was very hard." This was vividly apparent. As he cut down the yard or two that Salazar gained with every surge, Rono's face was creased with the effort. "What I was doing was only trying to keep contact," Rono said. "I thought to myself, 'I will go another mile, if I can, and then see.' It was that way to the last mile. I couldn't believe I was going to get him."

Salazar took his two pursuers through quarters of 66, 65.8 and 66.6 seconds, now lapping the tail of the field. At 3 1/2 miles, the pace was too much for Royle. Sensing him drop behind, Salazar knew



Salazar's syncopated pace shook Royle (105), but Rono refused to let him get away.

one score was settled, but he was in the heart of his race now. The nine laps left to go seemed impossibly far. His face and posture showed it, his shoulders coming forward, his mouth rolling open as if he were carrying a great weight. At the same time, Rono seemed to develop a little rolling hitch in his stride and to toe out more. The crowd stood as they began the last two miles, Salazar surging once more. "I was saying to myself, 'If I let this guy go,'" said Rono, "I will be done. If I let go, I will be lost."

Both runners were desperately tired. But both have one dominant instinct, which is to win. With three laps to go, Rono seemed the fresher of the two. "Yes," he would say, "I thought then that it was over. It didn't matter if he took off hard then. I knew I could hold him."

Salazar, never a kicker, and obviously having poured himself into the pace without reserve, seemed doomed. And sure enough, down the homestretch, with 500 meters to go, Rono bolted in front. Yet Salazar had the strength to react and hung a yard back. Around the first turn of the last lap he waited, and with 300 yards to go, Salazar put his head down and drove for the lead. Rono held him off as they hit the last turn, the crowd in hysterics. With 150 to go, Salazar attacked with everything he had. Into the stretch they were dead even. For 50 yards Salazar inched to a tiny lead. Rono reached as deep as he could and drew even; then he was in front once more. Five yards from the finish he threw up a hand to signal his victory—and almost lost the race to the indomitable, unbending Salazar. Rono's time was 27:29.90, 8.5 seconds from his world record, and the second fastest of his life. Salazar was timed in 27:30.0, less than a second shy of Craig Virgin's American record of 27:29.16

and a 10-second improvement on his previous best. Royle was third in 27:47.16. It was the greatest 10,000 duel ever fought in this country, and Rono and Salazar were so tired that during their slow victory jog, each was tripping over his short spikes.

Each said he could have run no faster. "I am not close to world-record shape now," said Rono, "but soon I will be. I know the reason my legs felt stiff and heavy was the pace Alberto set. At times I couldn't imagine winning." As he spoke, in the same shed where Salazar had changed, steam rose steadily from his body. Salazar by contrast was shivering even in his sweats.

"I'm recovering quickly," Salazar said. "Happy? Sure, it's my best ever, and it was run mainly on the strength I've built in the last two years, because I haven't done real speed work yet." The margin of his improvement at once plunged him into reassessment of his season's plans. "I had figured to run the Boston Marathon on April 19. That would be a test of the double in the '84 Olympics. If I couldn't do a hard 10,000 and a marathon nine days apart, I sure couldn't do it with four days rest in the Olympics. But suddenly I'm only eight seconds from Henry's 10,000 record." Now Salazar was being tempted to skip Boston, and the month or more of recovery and gradual resumption of training that must follow any hard marathon, in favor of staying with his track racing so he could attempt breaking Rono's record in May or June.

"But the marathon is your best event," said a spectator.

"But I love the 10,000," said Salazar. "I don't know if I do or not," said Rono, still embarrassed at his early reluctance, "but I'm certainly surprised and satisfied. I'm glad I came."

END



There's only one wagon with better mileage than the Civic Wagon.

The other wagon gets about a year out of two pairs of sneakers. Just a guess, of course.

With our wagon, however, we can be more precise. A gallon of gas takes you an EPA estimated 35 miles with the 5-speed transmission. Estimated 46 miles highway.*

And our mileage figures are better than any

other gasoline or diesel powered station wagon.

The Honda Civic 4-Door Wagon is also generous with interior space. Its rear seatback folds down for a longer, completely carpeted cargo area. And a wide opening liftgate makes* loading and unloading easier.

There's no driveshaft running through the Civic Wagon because it has front-wheel drive. You get even more legroom and load room.

Our roomy station wagon handles like a passenger car. It's easy to park.

It's also easy on your budget. Because the Civic Wagon is one of the lowest priced wagons



in America. And we've loaded it with practical standard equipment.

Like our energetic 1488cc engine with 5-speed transmission. Steel-belted radial tires. Remote control outside rearview mirror. Front door and rear window defrosters and tinted glass. The front bucket seats fully recline. And the rear seatback adjusts for comfort.

You have the option of ordering Honda's 3-speed automatic transmission. Even with automatic, no other wagon gets better mileage around town than the Civic Wagon.*

Well, with one exception.

*Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Actual highway mileage probably less. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather and trip length. California figures will be lower.

†²¹ est. mpg, 49-state only. Comparison excludes est. hwy.

HONDA

We make it simple.



Jeff Kostoff was swimming in only the fourth national championship race of his young life last Wednesday night at the U.S. Short Course meet in Gainesville, Fla., but the sunny 16-year-old was thoroughly "six-beating" his opponents. The six-beat is an exhausting pattern of freestyle kicking—six kicks for every two arm strokes—that few swimmers can maintain for more than a couple of hundred yards. Kostoff can hold a six-beat for at least 6,000 yards, and by the halfway point in Wednesday's 1,000-yard free final, his legwork had propelled

ville were also propitious. Fifteen-year-old Tiffany Cohen of Mission Viejo swept the women's 500, 1,000 and 1,650 freestyle titles, confirming that she's America's new female distance star, and 14-year-old Dara Torres of Beverly Hills, whose unorthodox starting block stance resembles that of a middle-distance runner, with one foot ahead of the other, became the first American ever to defeat Texas junior Jill Sterkel in a 50 free; Torres' time of 22.44 seconds missed Sterkel's U.S. record by a mere .03. In the men's 100-yard backstroke, Stanford

by Craig Neff

Gaines. Gaines's comeback at 23 after a year's retirement was perhaps the meet's best news of all. His grumbling about the youth movement was excusable: After all, Gaines was an aged 17 before he had his first crack at competitive swimming.

On the other hand, if Florida freshman Tracy Caulkins hadn't got such an early start in the sport, the 1982 short-course meet wouldn't have been so historic. Caulkins was only 14 when she won her first four national titles in 1977. "That first one, in the 100 breast at the short course in Canton, Ohio, that was probably the nicest one so far," she said last week. "You always remember the very first." In Caulkins' case, just counting the

Some old and some new

Both veterans and water babies made waves at the short-course meet

him to a one-yard lead over Mission Viejo's Tony Corbisiero. Kostoff was on pace not only to lower Brian Goodell's 1979 American record of 8:52.45 but also to break 8:50.

By the 800-yard mark, Kostoff had extended his lead over Corbisiero to 10 feet. His strong legs—last fall Kostoff was the No. 2 cross-country runner for Upland (Calif.) High, the school that produced miler Steve Scott—were helping him on turns, too, in the short, 25-yard pool, where strong push-offs can cut a swimmer's time significantly. As he took a breath midway down the lane, Kostoff saw Ed Spencer, his coach with the Industry Hills team, holding both arms straight up. That meant Kostoff was going faster than planned—and Spencer had planned on a record for his swimmer. "I had no idea of time," said Kostoff later. "I was just trying to win." When he finally touched at the 1,000, Kostoff was fully four yards in front of Corbisiero. The clock in the O'Connell Center froze at 8:49.97.

"One of the best swims I've seen in years," said University of Florida Coach Randy Reese. "I'm encouraged. The Soviets have been taking over the distance freestyles. This gives us a lot more hope."

A goodly number of other performances at the four-day meet in Gaines-



The unretiring Gaines (left) had kudos for "little shrimp" Kostoff after the kid's 500 free.

freshman Dave Bottom, younger brother of Olympians Mike and Joe Bottom, won his first national title and reduced the American record in the event from 49.08 to 48.94. And after his 1,000 victory, Kostoff, a high school junior whose only previous titles had been in Junior Olympic competition, went on to win the 500 and 1,650 frees.

"Kids Kostoff's age shouldn't be allowed to do that," said 100- and 200-meter freestyle world-record holder Rowdy

rest of her U.S. championships is a challenge. She won nine in 1978, seven in 1979, eight in 1980 and eight more last year, when she broke Ann Curtis' women's record of 30. Coming into the Gainesville meet, Caulkins had 35 U.S. titles, just one shy of Johnny Weissmuller's alltime record.

Caulkins' performance in Gainesville should have been dramatic, but it wasn't. She's simply too good to be seriously threatened in her races by other U.S.

continued

Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette. FTC Report Dec. '81.
Menthol, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1992 B&W T Co.



The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

**“EITHER THIS
SPACE GA
OR MY LIVI
GOING 1**



IS THEIR BEST ME EVER, NG ROOM IS 65 MPH?"

Aliens up ahead. Aliens attacking from the rear. Alien ships on every side. Meanwhile, the earth is moving steadily into range of enemy missiles, as the alien planet rushes by below.

Presenting Star Strike. The exciting new space game complete with brilliant colors, gripping tension, and special effects so realistic they appear three-dimensional. So you almost feel like you're flying.

Be careful, though, and don't lose your concentration. You've got to destroy the enemy planet. Before it destroys the earth.

Play Intellivision Star Strike. Then, when the battle's over and the dust is clear, compare it to other space games. We think you'll agree that color, excitement and special effects make Star Strike the clear winner.

MATTEL ELECTRONICS®

Intellivision®

Intelligent Television

AMERICA'S TRUCK. BUILT FORD TOUGH.



TOUGH ON THE OUTSIDE...



EASY ON THE BACKSIDE.

Tough! Bronco's built on a rugged Ford Truck chassis. Its husky 4.9L (300) Six gives you more torque than any competitive Six. Plus outstanding gas mileage ratings: 24 est. highway, 17 EPA est. mpg.* Tough and easy! It's the only American-built sport utility

with independent front suspension. Bronco seats six in comfort with front and rear bench options. Automatic locking hubs are available for extra driving ease. Give Bronco your own tough and easy test!

*4.9L Six and optional overdrive. Use for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, driving and weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Calif. ratings list, V-8 required.

FORD BRONCO

FORD DIVISION



women. For the record, though, let it be known that Caulkins tied Weissmuller with her 200-yard backstroke win on Wednesday night, passed him with a victory in the 400 individual medley on Thursday and then placed first in both Friday's 200 IM and Saturday's 100 breast to lift her career total to 39 championships. And she didn't walk out on the TV reporter who asked, "How does it feel to sit on the same perch with Tazian?" Or the one who followed with, "Can you do the yell?" She does not do the yell. But her record is perhaps more impressive than Weissmuller's: While her 39 titles have come in all five strokes and taken her less than six years to amass, Weissmuller's 36 were almost exclusively in the freestyle events (he won one 50-yard backstroke title) and spanned eight years, 1921 through '28.

"Thirty-seven titles? Oh, God, that's a lot," said Gaines after the women's 400 IM. What had hit him after his retirement from swimming last April was not the magnitude of his own accomplishments—five NCAA titles at Auburn, six national championships, two world and two American records—but his simple enjoyment of the sport. "As much as I hate to train, I'm happier doing it than not," he says. Gaines quit when his college eligibility ended, but after a summer of "lying in the sun, lying in the sun, going inside to watch *Gulligan's Island* and then lying in the sun" at home in Winter Haven, Fla., he was eager to resume his swimming career.

Ten pounds lighter than when he retired, Gaines looked his old self in winning both the 100 and 200 frees in Gainesville. He showboated a little—Rowdy never was shy—doing a cork-screw flip turn, for example, during his 200 preliminary. "I just wanted the winner of the previous heat to know I had something left in me for the final," he explained. "I regret doing it." No one regrets Gaines's comeback; ever since he hung up his Speedo, the U.S. has been searching for an adequate replacement for him. Now it doesn't need one.

Gaines decided to test Kostoff in Friday's 500 free, even though Gaines had previously swum a race longer than 200 meters only once in U.S. championship competition. "My coach says Rowdy could swim an awesome 500 if he went



"Oh yes. I believe so. I think it sounds good."

Kostoff has been swimming since he was five, though he attained prominence suddenly last summer, when he finished seventh in the 800-meter free at the U.S. Long Course Championships and first in the 1,500 at a U.S.-U.S.S.R. junior dual meet. His enthusiasm for training borders on the ludicrous. "That boy is a killer," says Sterkel, who swam with him at Industry Hills last summer. "I don't think he's discovered pain yet."

On Friday morning, before facing Kostoff in the 500, Gaines talked

Caulkins broke Weissmuller's record of 36 U.S. titles, but refused to yell about it.



after it," said a concerned Kostoff. "His 200 split could be five seconds faster than mine." Gaines did indeed take the race out at breakneck pace for 200 yards; as a result, by the final 100 yards he "felt like I was in oblivion, like on Pluto or something." Nevertheless, he finished second, only .17 behind Kostoff, who moved from fourth to first with a rush in the final 200 yards.

In the warm-down pool, Gaines grabbed Kostoff with a playful headlock and soon began affectionately referring to him as "the little shrimp." It should be noted that while Gaines is 6'1" and 165 pounds, Kostoff is no shrimp, at 6'½" and 145. Kostoff isn't easily intimidated, either. When asked if he could handle being called Goodell's successor, he said,

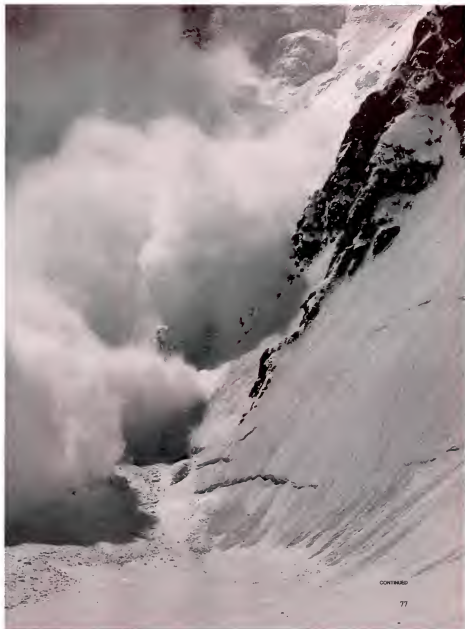
of his admiration for both Caulkins and her senior teammate at the University of Florida, Craig Beardsley, who on Wednesday had broken his U.S. 200-yard butterfly record for the second time in three weeks, lowering it from 1:44.10 to 1:43.83. "It's not just their physical ability, but what they have upstairs, their mental toughness," Gaines said. "They get up on those blocks in a meet like this and they know they'll win." That night, having lost to Kostoff, Gaines returned to the subject. He remembered hearing that he was the swimmer Kostoff most respects. "Well, I've changed that," Gaines said. "That little shrimp goes out and six-beat kicks all the way through 500 and the 1,000. Now I look up to him. Now he's my idol."

END



AVALANCHE!

Snowslides such as this one in Pakistan and the one that recently killed seven people at a ski resort in California are among the most destructive and least understood forces in nature
by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON



CONTINUED

AVALANCHE!

continued

Three weeks ago in the California ski resort of Alpine Meadows near Lake Tahoe, seven people were killed by an avalanche. Four more were spared from death—all of them quite miraculously, and one of them a lot more miraculously than the other three. Despite a booming four-day blizzard, every applicable form of safety measure and avalanche-control practice had been undertaken on that besieged mountainside. Moreover, no avalanche of that magnitude, nothing even close to that size, had ever occurred on that slope before. The odds were hugely stacked against such a disaster. Yet seven people are dead, four alive by miracle.

And therein lies the bleak and bitter truth about avalanches: They are wildly capricious killers. They stand among nature's most volatile, most deadly creations. They are also among her most frequently occurring phenomena—yet they remain, as far as human intelligence has been able to divine, as erratic and as enigmatic as they are awesome. For the better part of a century, glaciologists, foresters, ski-area designers, snow scientists and just plain citizens of the world's mountains have been applying every instrument and insight that modern science, computer technology and common sense can bring to the problem of understanding and controlling avalanches. They have made enormous progress, and yet Knox Williams of the U.S. Forest Service's avalanche research project in Fort Collins, Colo. speaks for them all when he says, "The more you know about avalanches, the more you come to understand that you will never know enough."

There are certainly enough of them to

get to know. In the Alps there are some 11,000 avalanches in an average year. In the far vaster mountain ranges of the Western U.S., there are about 10,000 annually (many of them man-made through control techniques) that people actually observe, and God only knows how many tens of thousands more that thunder, hiss or glide noiselessly down slopes far from human habitat.

Avalanches are nearly infinitely varied—differing in shape, size, density, sound, momentum, esthetics, destructiveness, etc., etc., etc. Some are small, pretty sloughs of powder that flow downhill in lovely teardrop tongues, liquid as syrup yet sending up plumes of snow smoke as they go. Some are immense slabs that cover acres of ground, thick and dense and wind-pounded to the consistency of a million-ton tombstone. Avalanches may start with a whoomp that sounds like a blast of dynamite, then spread in crazy fractures across the



Snow from the avalanche reached as high as the third story of the Day Lodge at Alpine Meadows.



Five days after the Alpine Meadows avalanche had blasted apart the Summit building, Corrad was found, badly froshitten, amid the debris.

mountainside and then break into blocks the size of house trailers, which are, in turn, pulverized by the turbulence of the slide into flying snow-smithereens tinier than snowflakes, which, in turn, then set as solid as concrete when they finally grind to a stop.

The natural forces generated within an avalanche are among the most stupendous on earth: wildly fluctuating densities of mass, strange hydraulic imbalances, weird increases in speed, massive changes in air pressure, heat wrought of friction within the mass, enormously high levels of specific gravity. All this is caused by the simple power of a relatively large mass moving at relatively high speed. And it can be terrifying stuff. For example, a slab avalanche can routinely

skim along at an average rate of 50 or 60 mph, which is faster than any skiers except high-level experts going full-out can attain. The thought of trying to outrun something with the mass of, say, half a dozen ocean liners while it chases you at a speed exceeding the freeway speed limit is something calculated to turn any skier's knees to water. Yet it could be worse.

If the incline of the slope is steep enough and long enough, then a big, heavy slab avalanche can accelerate to speeds of considerably more than 100 mph. And at that point, the laws of hydraulics and aerodynamics being what they are, the force of the avalanche wall

continued



AVALANCHE!

continued

slamming ever faster against normal air resistance creates an air blast-wave in front of it. This ultimately can produce an imbalance in pressure that will actually cause the mass to accelerate faster than gravity is moving it because, according to current theory, it is being sucked powerfully ahead into a semi-vacuum.

This imbalance in pressure occurs in less dense powder avalanches to such an extent that a mass of snow has actually been measured moving at the speed of 240 mph! Incredibly, that is faster than the rate at which a body free-falls through space. (Due to air resistance, this rate of fall is rarely more than 180 mph.) An avalanche moving at more than 200 mph generates all sorts of bizarre actions—outside as well as inside the mass. Dr. Herbert Aulitzky of the Vienna Agricultural University, one of Austria's leading avalanche experts, says, "A powder avalanche hurtling along at 240 mph really in many ways resembles a hurricane—except for the fact that its density, caused by the mass of snow, is a great deal more destructive."

The air pressure generated in front of such a blindingly fast-moving mass of snow has been known to reach, according to Dr. Aulitzky, as much as 220 tons per square meter, compared to average air pressure of 11 tons per square meter. That means getting hit by a square meter of this avalanche blast-wave would be roughly equivalent to being run over by two locomotives. Obviously, the destruction in the path of such a force can be far worse than even that caused by the avalanche itself. Huge trees are leveled, buildings actually explode, and bodies have been found, crushed and broken, hanging from trees well ahead of the point where the sliding mass actually stopped.

At these high speeds, the workings of friction inside of the onrushing snow mass can build up enough heat to actually melt the snow. Then when the mass comes to a stop, the whole thing turns instantly dense, becomes inert and freezes solid, encasing any victim who is caught within

in a body-fitting casket made of ice.

All of these things can happen in routine, everyday large avalanches. The destructive power of a truly monstrous avalanche is almost beyond imagination. No flattened tornado, no hurricane at sea ever produced more punishment to human life or property than a major avalanche. Indeed, some experts are convinced that nothing in nature—with the exceptions of major volcanoes, earthquakes and gargantuan flash floods and tidal waves with their immensely dense speeding walls of water—can surpass the destructive potential of a monstrous avalanche. One case to prove that awful point occurred on Jan. 10, 1962 when a section of the ice cap broke from just below the 22,205-foot peak of Peru's North Huascarán, the seventh-highest mountain in South America. The falling ice tore away vast acres of glacial snow and ice around the summit, plunged 3,000 feet down a sheer face and hit a shallow bowl with an impact that was heard for miles. The concussion from that set up a swirling cloud of powdered snow and also produced a huge secondary avalanche behind the first, and this constantly growing mass shot down the slopes at 65 mph, picking up uncountable tons of rocks and snow and ice as it raced down valleys, rolled over plateaus and, here and there, actually climbed uphill slopes.

In all, the Huascarán avalanche dropped 13,000 vertical feet while traveling over 10 miles of ground. More than 4,000 people died, 10,000 animals were

killed, six villages were annihilated. At the time it was duly recorded as the worst known avalanche in history. And true to the quirky-killer nature of avalanches, it was also noted that this was the first time a slide of even close to such proportions had occurred in that area. The Huascarán slide of 1962 held the world record for death and destruction for only eight years. On May 31, 1970 an earthquake shook Peru, and snow slid from Mount Huascarán's summit once again. This time 20,000 people died.

Though the two Peruvian disasters rank first and second among avalanches in the generation of death on a grand scale, there is one other peculiarly gruesome historical footnote that must be included in any discussion of mass slaughter by avalanche. And that has to do with the mountain campaigns of World War I in which Austrian and Italian troops battled for control of the traditionally disputed Tyrol. The two armies were locked in combat from 1915 until the Armistice of 1918, and during those years, the most conservative estimates say, no fewer than 40,000 men died in avalanches. Some were natural, for those were dark and stormy winters, but not all. Many of the killer slides were set on purpose as a new and grotesquely effective technique of waging war. The British writer Colin Fraser wrote of this in his excellent book *The Avalanche Enigma*: "On December 12th, 1916, a snowstorm began which continued for two weeks. Avalanches swept whole barracks away.... Then, avalanches were used as weapons, both sides releasing them onto the enemy below by firing a shell into a slope laden with snow. As a means of mass-murder, this was far superior to artillery alone. It was estimated that 3,000 Austrian troops were killed in one 48-hour period and that Italian losses were at least as heavy."

The U.S. has racked up dozens of multiple-death avalanches over the years, but nothing even remotely on the same catastrophic scale as those of Peru and World War I. In the late

continued



Snowy Valley was also hit by slides, witness the house of Patrick Fogg (on phone).

Quality is Job 1



**"A quality
die finish can
take at least
40 hours
of hand
polishing."**

Peter Collins
Tool & Die Maker
Cleveland, Ohio Stamping Plant

Seat belts save lives... Buckle up.

Everybody talks about quality, Ford people make it happen.

Take our attention to craftsmanship, for example. There are still some things that the human hand can do better than a machine, like the final polishing of a die. A detail which can take from 40 to 120 work hours, and is done so that the sheet metal in doors and body panels is not blemished during the stamping process.

This dedication to quality at Ford Motor Company is paying off. Latest results show a 48% average improvement in quality over 1980 models as reported by new car owners.

Visit a Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer and take a close look at what total employee, management, union and supplier involvement can achieve.

At Ford Motor Company,
Quality is Job 1!



Ford
Mercury
Lincoln
Ford Trucks
Ford Tractors

AVALANCHE!

continued

19th century, mining towns of the West were frequently flattened and buried, but because of the sparseness of the population, rarely more than a dozen people died. The worst incident in the U.S. occurred on March 1, 1910 on a spur of the Great Northern Railroad in the Cascade Mountains of Washington. It was a peculiarly agonizing kind of disaster, for there was nothing quick or even particularly surprising about it. Ninety-six people were killed, all passengers or railroad men trapped by storms on two trains, and all of them had watched helplessly for five full days and nights as the load of deadly snow grew and grew and grew on the slope above them.

The trouble started with a series of furious snowstorms that hit the Cascades several days before the disaster. Two trains—a mail train and a passenger train



A couple of the ways that man makes controlled avalanches: dropping explosives from a helicopter and blasting at the snow with a howitzer.



avalanches made passengers jumpy. During the night, wind increased in intensity. Feb. 27—Storm grew worse. In a final blast of fury. Later in the day, snowfall dwindled into a thin sleet. Feb. 28—Sleet continued during the day, into the night. Around midnight, sleet quit, and a warm moist southwest chinook set in; rain began falling. March 1—At 0120 hours, the slope above the trains avalanched, killing 96 persons."

The avalanche was a monster, 1,400 feet wide, rushing some 2,000 feet down a bare steep slope that had been burned off years before. The slide thundered into the side of the trains, rolled them over and sent everything on the spur tracks plunging down a 150-foot drop to the bottom of the Tye River Canyon. Rescuers from Wellington, which the avalanche somehow missed, went to work immediately in the driving rain. Only one end of one railroad coach, a shack roof and a part of a railroad snowplow showed above the snow. After seven hours, 21 survivors had been dug out of the twisted wreckage. After 11 hours, when all hope of finding any more alive had gone, someone heard a sound "like the mew of a kitten." Rescuers dug frantically into a small cache that had appeared miraculously beneath a tree trunk and there found the 22nd and last survi-

with five cars—had been delayed again and again en route from Spokane to Seattle, first by gales that closed tunnels with drifting snow and then by slides that blocked the tracks.

Eventually, on the night of Feb. 24, the trains reached the godforsaken little railroad shantytown of Wellington just past the long tunnel at Steven's Pass. They were shunted onto sidings to wait for a few hours until the storm abated. It never did. A brief timetable of those last days, assembled years later by a U.S. Forest

Service editor for a government manual listing American avalanche accidents from 1910 to 1966, outlined the inevitability and futility of a situation in which every change in the weather worked to ensure that the 96 would ultimately suffer death-by-avalanche. The timetable reads like this:

"Feb. 25—Cold, gray blizzard. Eleven feet of new snow at Wellington. Feb. 26—Snowfall at times reached 12 inches per hour and drifted 20 feet deep in places. Ominous roar of occasional

vor, a woman clutching her dead baby. In later litigation by families of the victims, the courts ultimately found the railroad to be without blame in the disaster. One reason for the verdict was that the slope which avalanched had never been known to do so before and, thus, no one could be blamed for assuming it would hold steady once more.

There again lies the terrible truth about the caprice and trickery of it all. As Dr. Aubitzky says dryly, "The most dangerous avalanches of all are those which come down mountains where, in the belief of the local population, no avalanche has struck since time immemorial and none ever will."

Thus, the only truly intelligent attitude toward life on the end of an avalanche path is one of humility, a frank recognition of one's own ignorance. Onno Wieringa has been the snow safety director for 10 years at the Alta, Utah ski area located in Little Cottonwood Canyon, a narrow, V-shaped gulley nine miles long that is the undisputed American sweepstakes winner for avalanche danger and avalanche action. Working for so long in a terrain fraught with so much latent violence has made Wieringa predictably cautious and philosophical. "We're just babies in the mountains," he says. "What does it mean to say we've been here 10 years, 30 years? We talk about avalanche cycles, but what do we know about 100-year cycles? Or 200-year cycles? We're short-timers in the mountains. Sometimes you have to give in to the forces around you and just get the hell out until the sun shines again."

By hindsight, of course, that is precisely what could have been done at Alpine Meadows—get out, evacuate everyone, forget about the place until the sun came out again. No one would have died, no one would have been hurt. But total evacuation is a bold act taken only in the face of obvious catastrophe, something that hasn't been done even in the super-volatile environs of Little Cottonwood Canyon since 1966.

In the case of Alpine Meadows, the fatal storm had started in the Sierra Nevada on Saturday, March 27, following a period of relatively clear skies interrupted now and then by light dustings of snow—a combination that worked to paint a thin shimmering layer of "sun crust" on the surface of the old snow-pack, which was already $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep

at the base, 14 feet on the ridges. The new blizzard dumped an extraordinarily heavy blanket of snow on the crust. The "precipitation intensity," the measure experts use to gauge sudden, dense accumulations of snow, was an alarming two to three inches an hour during some of the storm. That was at the base area, where there was a ski lodge, a lift building and a maintenance shed. On the ridges high above, an incessant brutal wind whapped the dense shroud of falling snow into even heavier and deeper accumulations. This, in itself, was a serious indication of trouble, for the force of wind blowing fresh snow is, in the words of the Forest Service's Williams, "the prime architect of an avalanche in its beginning stages."

For 96 hours or more, the ridges above Alpine Meadows continued to catch dangerously large amounts of snow that had been beaten and driven and hammered by the fierce wind as it fell. At the base, by 7 a.m. on Wednesday, March 31, measurements showed that 81 inches of fresh snow had accumulated. On the ridges, that meant in places between 10 and 15 feet. The term "fresh snow" may bring to the minds of many a picture of smooth and tranquil beauty, the epitome of calm. Not so. As the U.S. Forest Service warns in its *Avalanche Handbook*, snow is one of the world's more excitable substances: "Unlike most materials encountered in nature, snow exists quite close to its melting point. When any solid is near its melting point, its molecules have a great amount of mobility and it changes quickly in response to changes in external conditions. New-fallen snow is one of the most unstable natural substances on earth." The metamorphosis of snow once it has fallen is constant—it is also enormously complex, for the density of snow can vary in weight from that of feathers to that of

lead, depending on air temperature, wind speed, water content, ground temperature, the angle of incline of the slope, etc.

At Alpine Meadows the accumulation of new snow increased dramatically—and dangerously—in the last two days before the avalanche. Werner Schuster,



Wieringa uses an Avalauncher to job projectiles in the snow.

vice-president for marketing of the area, told SI Associate Editor Anita Verschoth last week. "We were taking snow measurements every morning at 7 a.m. On Monday we found we had gotten a new 30 inches, on Tuesday another 21 and on Wednesday another two or three feet. We closed the lifts early on Monday so we could do avalanche control on the road. On Tuesday, we only had three lower lifts going. And Wednesday morn-

continued

AVALANCHE!

continued

ing, we didn't open the slopes at all. Only the lodge."

Over the three days before Wednesday, avalanche control had continued at a constant, wearing pace. Each morning ski patrolmen would ride the chair lifts through the blinding storm. At the top they would ski in pairs along prescribed routes where dangerous amounts of avalanche-potential new snow were known to accumulate. Each carried a rucksack of explosive charges that were planted at the known trouble spots. Approximately five hundred pounds of dynamite were used every day. The concussion from an exploding charge was meant to jolt any buildup of snow into an artificially triggered avalanche that spilled harmlessly before it grew to monster size.

Despite the blinding violence of the storm along the higher ridges, the ski patrolmen covered most of their control routes day after day, and none noticed any alarmingly large buildup along the ridges—at least not along the ridges they could get to. However, some critical sections above the ski area could not be reached on skis—or seen—during this storm. Three of those unseen areas were called Poma Rocks, Pond Slide and Buttress Slope. These contiguous zones had rarely spilled over in unplanned and un-

wanted avalanches before but all required frequent control work to keep them safely defused.

The major method for triggering controlled slides on those ridges when skiing was impossible was to fire a series of explosive projectiles from a 75-mm. recoilless rifle mounted on a spot below called Gunners' Knob, as well as a mobile howitzer of the same caliber, vintage 1944. The use of this type of near-antique weapon of war for peacetime avalanche control is as common as lift lines at many ski areas in the American West. The technique was pioneered in the U.S. in the 1950s on the volatile slopes of Alta by the late Monty Atwater, a veteran of the celebrated 10th Mountain Division of World War II and the man known as the "godfather of American avalanche control." Atwater also invented something called an Avalauncher, a nitrogen-powered gun that lobbs impact-detonating, high-explosive (TNT) projectiles. This instrument is used at a few areas, but the fact that its range is limited and its projectiles are subject to wind drift and thus less accurate during storms, when crews must fire blind, makes it less popular than good old direct-fire U.S. Army howitzers and recoilless rifles.

During the Alpine Meadows storm, howitzer crews aimed their weapons using a series of prearranged settings to bring down the building snow some 700 vertical feet up the mountain. Norm Wilson, once mountain manager at Alpine Meadows, now a private snow-avalanche consultant in Norden, Calif. who assisted with the post-disaster control operations at the resort, recalls: "They fired in the Poma Rocks, Pond and Buttress direction twice a day on both Monday and Tuesday. They fired nine rounds each time, 18 a day. They fired a dozen more rounds Wednesday morning. They couldn't see anything in the storm up there, but it seemed like they were getting results down below. There was avalanche rubble in the road. They had no reason to think things were building up so big. But there was a hell of an intense snowfall up on the top, and the winds were gusting up to 125 mph. If they could have seen up there, they might have cranked up some more rounds."

But, of course, they didn't. For some murky reason that had to do with the mix of that particular snow and those particular winds and the precise angle of the incline of that slope, the stuff stayed up there, building up ton by ton. Everything dictated that the snow should slide—certainly the major symptom existed, for as Dr. E.R. LaChapelle, a glaciologist considered by many scientists the U.S.'s leading expert on avalanches, writes in his book *The ABC of Avalanche Safety*, "The most common internal trigger [to push an inert slope into an avalanche] is overloading by fresh snow." Though no one could see it, this overloading was precisely what was happening on the snow-dense steeps immediately below Buttress Slope and Poma Rocks. Certainly, the angle of the mountain incline was steep enough—the area had avalanched before, once in the mid-1960s actually knocking out a Poma lift near the base lodge.

Whatever the reason, those vast and dangerous acres of snow on Buttress Slope, Pond Slide and Poma Rocks remained poised and still, piling higher and heavier through Wednesday morning and into the afternoon. By 3 p.m. there were only a few people left around the resort base. Because the slopes were closed, scarcely 20 of the 435 employees had turned up. Ski patrolmen had finished

continued



Je Tugives a wet welcome to a "victim" when she has recovered during a drill conducted at Alta.

"Rum and Perrier."
What a natural thing to say.



Silky-smooth Puerto Rican white rum and naturally-sparkling Perrier mineral water. One of the lightest, most refreshing drinks you've ever tasted. And make absolutely sure the rum is from Puerto Rico. Because every drop of Puerto Rican white rum is aged for at least one full year. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO



U-HAUL® COSTS YOU LESS. HERE'S WHY:



1. TRIM LINE GAS SAVER FLEET

With U-HAUL, you get a light-weight, low-profile, aerodynamic moving van designed to safely and economically move your family and furniture.

manufactures its own trucks and trailers specifically for the household mover. We don't buy our vehicles for later resale to industrial users. You can rent or borrow a rough-riding freight truck almost anywhere.

U-HAUL won't rent you a

cover the U.S., Canada and Alaska with 6,000 dealers, 1,000 repair centers, 600 mobile repair units, 150 maintenance shops, six manufacturing plants, a research center and a certified test track. You can count on our road service 24-hours a day for no additional money. We are always nearby—willing, quick and able.



2. MOVING VANS— NOT FREIGHT TRUCKS

With U-HAUL, you get a moving van, not just a truck or trailer. A moving van that is gentle on you and your furniture. With a soft, furniture-saving suspension, padded interior, easy-loading low deck and lots of tie-downs. And it's easy to drive or tow. U-HAUL designs and

gas-guzzling, freight truck for moving. We don't rent trucks—we rent moving vans. And we've been doing this since 1945.

3. SAFETY AND SECURITY

With U-HAUL, you get a moving van that is in first-class mechanical condition. And we make certain it stays that way. We

4. LOW RENTAL RATES

Topping all this, U-HAUL will match any competitor's rate, discount or guarantee.* Just tell us. We mean it when we say "U-HAUL COSTS YOU LESS." Less worry, less time, less work, less damage, less gas—less overall cost.

THE BEST COSTS YOU LESS
BECAUSE
MOVING
IS OUR
BUSINESS

U-HAUL
MOVING & STORAGE

*Except where Traffic Control fees apply.

TOW DOLLIES FOR
FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE CARS.
ALSO TOW BARS.

PACKING & LOADING SERVICE.
FREE ESTIMATES.

PROFESSIONAL
MOVING & PACKING AIDS.

SELF-STORAGE ROOMS
COAST TO COAST.



AVALANCHE!

continued

what avalanche-control work they could do in the area, and a crew of them had just left for Squaw Valley, seven miles by road, to ride up the lifts there, ski over a ridge and plant hand charges in some unstable areas that threatened to slide into the Alpine Meadows access road.

Supervising the work was Bernie Kingery, 49, Alpine Meadows' mountain manager for 11 years and a well-respected expert on avalanches who had once described them as being as quirky and volatile as "a stack of marbles ready to go." Kingery was in the three-story A-frame Summit Terminal Building at the ski area base that housed ski-lift machinery and ski patrol headquarters. He sat in what was known as Base 4 Room, ski patrol headquarters, next to a radio that offered him communication with the patrolmen at Squaw Valley, as well as with a trail crewman, Jeffrey (Jake) Smith, 27, who had just left the Summit building to get a snowmobile so he could ride out and prevent any motorists from using the access road while the avalanche controllers were working above.

With Kingery in Base 4 Room were Randy Buck, 24, a maintenance man; Beth Morrow, 22, a ski-lift operator; Jeff Skover, 23, a night security man; and Tad DeFelice, 24, another lift operator. Two other people, Anna Conrad, 22, also a ski-lift operator, and her boyfriend, Frank Yeatman, 22, who was visiting her from the University of California at Davis, were in an adjacent second-floor locker room used by resort employees. Conrad and Yeatman had just arrived at the base lodge on cross-country skis, and Kingery had reprimanded them for being so foolish as to ski in the backcountry in what were obviously dangerous avalanche conditions.

At 3:45 the nightmare began. The first hint of disaster came over the walkie-talkie from Smith, who was crossing the parking lot on his snowmobile. Buck told S.L.'s Verschoth about those first wild seconds: "We received a radio message from Jake, and it was garbled. All I heard was the word 'avalanche.' We got the impression he was seeing one and was about to get caught in it. Bernie asked for his location. He got no answer. About five seconds later the avalanche hit us. There wasn't much warning. You could hear a rumble and almost immediately the building started to shake violently. A second later there was a powerful air blast,

something like being five feet from a fast train going by. That's when I went for the floor, grabbed my head and tried to curl up in a ball. Immediately following the air blast, there was the snow. I was completely engulfed in snow. It felt like being tumbled in a wave. You lose your balance, the force is overwhelming. I felt a current in the snow, like fast running water. Then I could feel it slow down. I felt I had to do something or I would be trapped. Underneath the snow I pushed my feet down and hit something solid. The floor. When the snow stopped mov-



Wearner lost his life racing an avalanche

ing, I was about one and half feet under it. I heaved and got my head and shoulders out of the snow. I realized that Tad [DeFelice] was right next to me and his head and shoulders were also out. I looked around. I was still in the room I had been in, but it no longer had any walls."

There were three avalanches that rolled out of the opaque curtain of storming snow onto Summit building from Buttress Slope and Poma Rocks, 700 vertical feet above. One massive section blasted into the terminal building. It swept branches and trees and rocks through the structure, scattering wreckage and continued until much of the ugly mass crashed into the main lodge. Not much was left standing of the Summit

building but naked I beams and the huge bullwheel that drove the ski-lift cables.

The other two thundering tongues of the slide flashed into the parking lot, one catching Smith and the other three more victims—Dr. Leroy Nelson, 39, a surgeon from Eureka, Calif.; his daughter Laurie, 11, and David L. Hahn, a Los Altos Hills, Calif. businessman. The area looked as if it had been bombarded. Power poles were snapped off or leaning at broken angles, employees' lockers and gear were strewn throughout the area, a couple of large Sno-Cats had been twisted like pretzels.

Buck wriggled out of the snow, asked DeFelice if he was in pain, was told no and immediately began looking for other people. "I couldn't see anybody," he said. "I started digging right where I was. Other people started arriving. They did a quick search and found Jeff Skover. They saw his hand sticking out of the snow. I spent an hour helping until my back started to hurt too much. Later I found out I had fractured a vertebra in two places and broken a rib."

Within an hour, the ski patrol crew had returned from Squaw Valley and joined the search. One of the patrolmen, Casey Jones, tells of how they found Smith's body: "We could hear his Skadi beeping from the creek bed nearby. We determined that he was probably there, and we started probing." A Skadi is the trademark for a solid-state electronic transceiver, a common piece of equipment for people who are frequently exposed to avalanche danger. Quite simply, it sends an electromagnetic pulse from beneath the burial-blanket of snow, no matter how deep, which is picked up in turn by searchers who have switched their Skadis to the receiving mode and can then zero in on the point at which the loudest signal reaches them. Avalanche probes are aluminum poles about 12 feet long, which are poked deep in the snow again and again as a line of searchers moves in a slow, measured pattern across the avalanche zone.

Sad Jones, "There's a spongy resilience when you find a body with the probes. The snow was very hard. It took six of us 10 or 15 minutes to dig to him, even though his Skadi told us right where he was. He was in a prone position. We did CPR, but a doctor told us it was fruitless." That night searchers also found the bodies of David Hahn and Leroy Nelson

continued

AVALANCHE!

continued



This 1954 Austrian snowslide derailed a train.

in the parking lot. At dark they had to abandon the search.

Thursday was bright and clear when rescuers returned. Ninety people worked at the gruesome job of probing for corpses. Three more were found, and now only two people were known to be missing—Kingsley and Conrad. By now 24 hours had passed since the slide. The odds are great against surviving more than half an hour beneath the snow of an avalanche, and the odds against living for a full day are astronomical. In the Alpine Meadows avalanche, with the tumbling, smothering mass of snow also towsing around great damaging chunks of the terminal building's wood and stone and other debris, there was a great likelihood of being quickly killed in a moment of violent impact.

However, death by avalanche is not always such a merciful or sudden thing. As Williams explains it: "More than two-thirds of the deaths in avalanches are caused by suffocation. Unless the victims are able to swim to the top and stay there while the snow is still flowing, they will find themselves in a case like concrete. People cannot even move a finger. Unless they have an air pocket of some kind or are rescued in a fairly short time, the

air supply will just get shorter and shorter. It is very common to find an avalanche victim with his face completely covered by an ice mask. This is caused by body warmth and exhalation, which melts the snow. Then it freezes again. Ice forms around the face and seals off any possible source of air. Most victims don't suffer long; they are usually unconscious in a few minutes."

Another nightmarish oddity about being trapped beneath avalanche snow is the fact that sound travels perfectly when it is going down through snow, but very little from below passes up and out of the pack. Ski patrolmen who have been buried beneath a couple of feet of snow in order to help train dogs to find avalanche victims report that they have been able to hear the dogs' paws walking on the snow, but when they have shouted upward, not a sound was heard above.

On Friday, April 2 yet another storm blasted the Alpine Meadows area. Despite high winds and dense snow, searchers continued to probe the wreckage of the Summit building. They occasionally shouted the names of the two lost people. They heard no reply. Besides the missing humans, there had been another victim of the slide, an 18-month-old German shepherd female, Mursah, an avalanche search dog owned by Jim Plehn, the Alpine Meadows avalanche forecaster. On this dark and snowy Friday, Plehn was probing with his bare hand into a hollow area beneath the snow. Suddenly he felt a cold nose, then the rough scrape of a dog's tongue and then Mursah's teeth, hitting gently into his hand and reluctant to let go until she had been freed from her buried prison.

Aside from that bit of happiness, the day's searching was futile. And before long the accumulation of snow became alarming again. Another 18 inches was to fall that day. When the danger of a second disaster became too great, the rescuers abandoned the ruined site once again without finding the bodies of Kingsley and Conrad.

On Saturday, April 3 another 12 inches of snow fell, and the avalanche hazard was as great as ever. No searching was done, no avalanche control either. On Sunday, April 4, 12 inches more would fall. A little control work was accomplished that day. Plehn and Wilson dropped charges from a helicopter, known as heli-bombing. The search of

the ruins was resumed briefly, but by midmorning the weather deteriorated even more and everyone left.

On Monday, April 5 it began snowing intermittently, but it was calm enough at 7 a.m. so that two helicopters went up to drop charges in an attempt to control and stabilize the mountain and the roadway. By noon a full crew of 125 searchers—the first since Friday, 72 hours before—descended on the ruins of the terminal building. For an hour and a half they poked and probed methodically. Then, at 1:20 p.m., the searchers were stunned to see a hand amid the wreckage of the locker room. Some assumed that it was that of a dead victim.

But it most assuredly was not. Patrolman Lanny Johnson recalls the moment: "This hand came out between these two lockers. Then we saw the hand was pulled back in. She was reaching for snow to eat, we found out later. For a moment we stared in disbelief. We had found her boyfriend dead on the same vicinity. We said, 'Anna, is that you?' She said, 'Yes, it's me.'"

There were 10 feet of snow and a heap of wooden lockers piled on top of her. Jones, who was also there, says, "Anna was in the locker room on the second floor when the avalanche hit. She stayed alive because the wall of the locker room fell on a bench and that supported the snow load that filled the area above her, and she had air space. She could move her limbs a little. She was in a V position, like a jackknife. She didn't think she had been in there for five full days. She also did not know that an avalanche had hit. She thought it was an explosion in the building."

As the rescuers carefully worked to free her, they gave her oxygen while Johnson held her hand and murmured, "Anna, we love you. We are coming to get you." She replied weakly, "O.K., I'm hanging on."

Johnson recalls, "She was wearing a jacket with two sweaters underneath and powder pants. She had a cross-country ski boot on her right foot and a woolen sock on her left. Her frostbite on the right foot is more severe because it was confined in the boot. I said, 'Do you remember us calling for you on Friday?' She said she heard us when we were only 10 or 15 feet away from her. She had eaten nothing but snow for five days. She had no doubt that she was going to survive."

continued

SUBARU OFFERS GREATER TRACTION. AND EVEN GREATER TRACTION.

We congratulate all the car makers who've finally noticed that front wheel drive improves traction. We, however, introduced front wheel drive in 1969. And we just don't think there's any substitute for experience.

As pioneers of front wheel drive, we use this experience to balance all the factors — drive train, steering, weight distribution, suspension — which make for remarkable adhesion to the road. Even around curves, in rain or snow.

The people of Maine, Idaho, Alaska and West Virginia think so much of our front wheel drive that they've helped make Subaru the best selling import in those states. States where good traction is absolutely essential.

But if you want even more traction, we suggest our wagon with On Demand Four Wheel Drive. Which allows you to go from front wheel drive to four wheel drive with the flick of a lever. On Demand. Without stopping.

(Any other 4 wheeler around requires a full stop before switching. And stopping is exactly what you can't do sometimes.)

Both models also help you keep things under control when it comes to gas mileage. So while you're holding on to the road, you can also hold on to your money.

And both offer plenty of room, with plenty of options, like power windows, power steering, AM/FM cassette tape deck, cruise control. The works.

But the best option of all is deciding what level of traction you want. Greater. Or even greater.



SUBARU®
INEXPENSIVE. AND BUILT
TO STAY THAT WAY.



4-DOOR WAGON
\$7,109**

2-DOOR WAGON
\$6,359**

*1988 YTD REGISTRATIONS, JUNE 1987, B.L. POLE AND COMPANY REPORT

**1987 EPA ESTIMATES FOR OUR 1988 4-DOOR WAGON. USE EST. MPG FOR COMPARISONS. YOUR MILEAGE MAY DIFFER DEPENDING ON DRIVING STYLE, WEATHER, CONDITIONS AND TIRE LENGTH. ACTUAL HWY. MILEAGE WILL PROBABLY BE LESS.

** TOTAL SUGGESTED PRICE FOR OUR 2-DOOR MODEL — NOT INCLUDING DEALER PREP, INLAND TRANSPORTATION, SALES AND LOCAL TAX, LICENSE AND TITLE FEES.

CERTAIN ITEMS SHOWN OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST.

© SUBARU OF AMERICA, INC. 1987

AVALANCHE!

continued

Last week, on Easter Sunday, Anna's father, Gene, told Verschoth, "When the avalanche hit, she was knocked momentarily unconscious. There wasn't much snow, and she ran out of snow to eat. At first she lit matches to find out where she was. And she did a lot of sleeping. And she thought a lot about her boyfriend. She spent the first few days massaging her feet, then she gave up on that. She knew on Friday that she was close to the surface, that they were getting close to her. She heard them calling; and she screamed and yelled and beat her feet against the walls. They couldn't hear her. They stopped searching."

A bulletin from Tahoe Forest Hospital in Truckee, Calif. last Sunday indicated that there is some circulation in Conrad's left foot but that her right is still a matter of "greatest concern." However, doctors hope amputation will not be necessary.

Beyond the miraculous resurrection of Anna Conrad, the Alpine Meadows avalanche was unusual in other respects. First, it's rare that any avalanche deaths should occur within the boundaries of a ski area. U.S. Forest Service records show that in an average year, 150 people

are caught in U.S. avalanches; 15 are injured and 13 die. No more than one or two of those fatalities occur inside ski areas. The rest happen in the backcountry or on out-of-bounds slopes.

(The U.S. death rate from avalanches consistently runs far behind that of Europe. Each year Austria alone will have at least 40 deaths, while the Alpine countries combined will report 100 or more avalanche fatalities.)

The second peculiarity about the Alpine Meadows avalanche is the fact that it was triggered by an act of nature—not an act of man. The vast majority of fatal avalanches are unknowingly started by the victims themselves—because their mere presence on skis in a potential avalanche area can set off the slides.

The examples of this are numerous. One of the most publicized—notorious, is a better word—of all fatal avalanches occurred on April 12, 1964 at St. Moritz, Switzerland. The dead were Barbi Henneberger, 23, who had won a bronze medal in the 1960 Winter Olympics; and America's most famous skier, Wallace (Buddy) Werner, 28.

On that warm and sunny spring day, Henneberger, Werner and a dozen or so other crack skiers were cavorting about in front of the movie cameras of one Willy Bogner Jr., then 21, scion of the elegant German ski-clothing manufacturing family. The skiers were performing for some kind of a promotional movie, and the crew had set up on slopes clearly marked with avalanche warnings signs. As the group was dashing down the hill, suddenly a vast fracture boomed across the slope, and the mountainside began to rumble down in a swath 500 feet across. Many of the skiers were caught in the flow, and, being as fit and experienced as they were, most of them managed to do the right thing to survive. They discarded their poles and their skis and began "swimming" to stay on top. Henneberger, who was Bogner's fiancée, never got her head above the seething snow and was buried quickly. Werner, however, was in front of the avalanche, and he tried to run for it. Crouched in a tuck, his poles held tightly under his arms, he raced to get out of its path. He was close to safety—some onlookers guessed no more than 15 feet—when he fell and was overrun by the snow. Four hours later they dug him out. Two months later the

Swiss officials charged Willy Bogner with negligent homicide in the case, claiming that he had ignored avalanche warning signs and "acted in disregard of the most elementary precautions while serving as manager of the project." He received a suspended sentence of two months.

Chance-taking goes on and on in the Alps. On Jan. 31 of this year, outside Salzburg, 13 people—10 students and three instructors from an Outward Bound course—were buried and died beneath an avalanche that struck them in the midst of a blinding snowstorm. They had been warned that the day and the snow were ripe for slides, but they went out anyway, and a day later the Viennese newspaper *Kronenzeitung* ran the headline THIS EXCURSION WAS MURDER.

So, for the most part, modern man creates his own avalanches, and if he dies, he has only himself to blame. A few centuries ago, men of the Alps saw avalanches as a horrible product of witchcraft or dragons. They would say, "*Was fliegt ohne Flügel, schlägt ohne Hand und sieht ohne Augen? Das Lawinier!*" ("What flies without wings, strikes without hand and sees without eyes? The avalanche-beast!"). In the 18th century Immanuel Kant's then-definitive tome *Physical Geography* explained that avalanches were simply little snowballs that grew in size as they rolled down the mountain. Once upon a time educated men even believed that any sudden sound—cowbells, birdsongs, yodelers, a child slamming a door—might be sufficient to set off a deadly avalanche.

Well, mystical, capricious and lethal as they may still be, avalanches have come under the gimlet gaze of men who do not believe in beasts or monster snowballs or snowslides kicked off by meadowlarks. Technology has moved in on the avalanche witchcraft. There are instruments that can count with photocells the number of snowflakes falling each second on a mountain peak. There is a theory for forecasting avalanche danger that suggests that the changing gravitational pull of the sun and the moon not only affects the ocean tides but also may cause otherwise inert avalanches to break loose.

But for all of that—science and computers and tidal theorizing—nothing could save those seven people at Alpine Meadows.

Das Lawinier still lives.

END



A rare photo shows a natural slide in the Alps.



How to love, honor and protect against inflation for as long as you each shall live. Inflation may be the biggest battle you'll ever have.

But it's a battle you can tackle together. With a Nationwide Life Insurance policy that increases in coverage by 10% each year. In 10 years, the amount of your policy will double. And, although your premiums also increase each year, your base rate remains the same. Which means you can increase your coverage—without proof of insurability—and worry less about inflation getting in the way of your future.

So, once you get settled and real life begins, call a Nationwide Agent for details about Inflation Protection Life Insurance. It's just one part of Nationwide's Blanket Protection for as long as you each shall live.



**NATIONWIDE LIFE
INSURANCE**

Nationwide is on your side

Home Office: One Nationwide Plaza, Columbus, Ohio 43216 • Nationwide Mutual Insurance Company
 Nationwide Mutual Fire Insurance Company • Nationwide Life Insurance Company
 Available in most states. An equal opportunity employer.



Ahhh.

For instant relief from golf tension, take Accuracy.

It's all quiet at 18. He needs a birdie to catch the leader. And he's got to be accurate. Water ahead. Trees to the right. He's got to get down in two. There's \$55,000 riding on this shot.

Last year, Wilson® ProStaff™ won more tournament titles than any other ball on tour. That's why you'll find that more top money winners recommend ProStaff over any other ball for accuracy.

Pros like Andy Bean, Bill Rogers, Jerry Pate, Hale Irwin, and Tom Kite insist on ProStaff because it's the only tour ball with a truncated cone dimple for accuracy. They find that when

the pressure's really on, ProStaff holds an incredibly stable line of flight. And, it consistently delivers the distance and bite they demand.

For accuracy you can depend on, take ProStaff. And see your pro in the morning.



Wilson

WHEATIES

Sir:

You are frequently the target of readers who question the appropriateness of some article in your magazine from the standpoint of what does that have to do with sports.

In the event that this should occur in connection with your story on Wheaties (*Famous Flakes of America*, April 5), I would like to refute such views by emphasizing how much the cereal meant to those of us who were fans in the '30s and '40s. So effective was the Wheaties advertising then that to many people the cereal was synonymous with being a sports fan. The Breakfast of Champions was a part of the life of those aspiring to accomplishment in the sports world.

My congratulations to Steve Wulf for the depth of his research and for capturing the feeling of the era about which he wrote.

STUART J. SORELMAN
Heldsburg, Calif.

Sir:

I can hear the critics saying, "I buy SI for sports, not cereal." Well, it was as clever as any story I've read recently, so... "As I read my magazine."

CLYDE FIECH
Newington, Conn.

Sir:

Congratulations on another great article. I'm a big fan of SI, but I'm probably an even bigger fan of Wheaties, with which I start almost every day. As an accountant, I sing in the morning, "Before I review my balance sheets..."

DAVID W. KELLY
Westminster, Md.

Sir:

The first time I ate a bowl of Wheaties I understood why it was called the Breakfast of Champions. I figured only a person of tremendous self-discipline could eat it! The stuff tastes like wet shredded newspaper.

STEVE PERRAULT
Esopus, N.Y.

Sir:

Your article on Wheaties refers to the time that Lou Gehrig, signed to endorse a rival cereal (Huskies), inadvertently succumbed to the brainwashing of the years by staving on the *Believe It Or Not* radio show that he started his days "with a big bowl of Wheaties."

There is an epilogue: An embarrassed Gehrig returned his radio-appearance and endorsement fee to Huskies with a note of abject apology. Huskies sent the check back to Gehrig with a letter indicating that every baseball player was entitled to more than one strike.

A return engagement was arranged on the

same program some weeks later. After a little preliminary conversation, the moment the radio audience was waiting for arrived. I happened to be listening. It was a medium fastball right over the center of the plate. "Now, Lou, what is your favorite breakfast cereal?" To the silent cheers of millions, Lou hit that one out of the park by saying, "My favorite is Huskies... and I've tried 'em all!"

EDGAR C. KELLER
San Bernardino, Calif.

TAR HEADED

Sir:

At last! North Carolina's Coach Dean Smith has gotten the monkey off his back by proving he could win the big one (*Nothing Could Be Favier*, April 5). The man who believes in self-discipline has finally conquered all. And like the North Carolina squad and its coach, Curry Kirkpatrick's story was great and the photos, including the cover, superb. Congratulations.

MIKE STRALEY
Greencastle, Pa.

Sir:

As a reader of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for more than 20 years, I anxiously awaited your story of the North Carolina-Georgetown game. In an otherwise excellent article by Curry Kirkpatrick, I looked in vain for mention of John Thompson's magnificent postgame performance. Eclipsing the quality of that wondrous game was the moving spectacle of that huge man comforting a devastated Fred Brown. Thompson's interview with the CBS sports commentators reinforced my estimate that he is a man of class.

We shall never know whether Georgetown would have won without Brown's tragic misplay, but I submit that the Georgetown players could not really be losers with a coach like that.

FRANK R. NATARD
Westbury, N.Y.

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick's story on the NCAA championship basketball game was one that I have been waiting to read for a very long time. North Carolina's victory in that game was not only a great win for the team, school and state, but also for a fine coach, Dean Smith.

And Georgetown's John Thompson should be congratulated on his game. Even if he does not want to be played up as the first black coach to make the Final Four, the fact remains that he is. Now some young black athletes will not aspire to be a Julius Erving or a Magic Johnson, but a John Thompson.

MICHAEL P. ALLEN
Atlanta

Sir:

In your perceptive coverage of the NCAA playoffs, I was surprised that you failed to mention one tournament factor: the home-jersey advantage. In all but three regional semifinals, all the national semifinals and the final game, the team wearing the white home jerseys won. While home jerseys could not prevent early exits by DePaul and Kentucky, one is left wondering what percentage of tournament games was won by teams wearing home jerseys.

THOMAS JAMES LONG
Chicago

• 72.3%, 34 games to 13, which is less surprising than it seems. The top-seeded team in each of 46 games wore white, and a coin was tossed for the final where the two top seeds faced off.—ED.

Sir:

Thanks to North Carolina, my older brother has to feed my rabbit for a year. Thank you, Tar Heels.

KEITH BETHUN
Connetquot Lake, Pa.

SALAZAR'S DOG

Sir:

As a psychologist, I have become increasingly alarmed about the sociopathic behavior and distorted thinking of many of the individuals we have elevated to the position of sports hero in our society.

Your story on Alberto Salazar (*Possessed of a Certain Pride*, March 22) presents a prime example. He is quoted as saying that he loves his pit bull terrier because of parallel traits with his own personality—"an affectionate veneer over a core of accomplished killer." Is this something to be prized, in humans or animals? We recently have had problems in Cincinnati with pit bulls attacking adults and children; yet Salazar seems to enjoy the fact that a pit bull in L.A. killed seven dogs before it was caught. What about the dogs that died and the feelings of their owners? Should Toby practice for "going for the record when he's older" by chewing up Salazar and ending his running career, would he be so enchanted with his pet's personality?

I also find it psychologically fascinating that this bloodthirsty individual has chosen to participate in a sport that requires no physical contact with the competition and therefore presents minimal risk to his own person.

Surely we can find a better role model for both sports fans and pet owners than Salazar.

G. PATIENCE THOMAS
The League for Animal Welfare
Cincinnati

continued



Some of our Buicks use very little gas.



And some of our Buicks use none.

A Buick that uses very little gas is a description which most certainly befits our Skylark, as you can readily see in the chart at right.

And the ones which use none are, of course, our diesel-powered Buicks.

Since we don't feel that the economies of diesel power should be offered only to the buyers of a limited number of Buick models, we make the 5.7 liter diesel engine available on Buick Riviera, Electra, LeSabre and Regal. And we offer the 4.3 liter diesel as an option on Regal and Century. The mileage and range estimates for these cars tell their own persuasive story about the thriftiness of diesel power.

The point is, you can pick out whichever Buick you like, knowing it can be a very economical diesel-powered Buick if you so choose. All except for our Skylark, which, after all, uses very little gas to begin with.

Use the estimated MPG for comparison. Your mileage and range may differ depending on driving conditions, weather. Actual highway mileage and range lower. Estimates derived from highway range obtained by multiplying mileage estimates by fuel tank capacity. EPA estimates and range lower in California. Some Buicks are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions.

Some subject areas, or all, are companies worldwide. See your Buick dealer for details. *Buick projection of 1982 EPA V-6 diesel estimates. See your dealer for actual EPA estimates.

	EST. HWY.	EPA EST. MPG	EST. HWY. RANGE	EST. (DRIVING) RANGE	FUEL TANK CAPACITY
Skylark	41	26	599	380	14.6
Diesel Riviera	35	20	798	456	22.8
Diesel Electra	36	22	936	572	26.0
Diesel LeSabre	36	22	936	572	26.0
Diesel Regal	36	23	713	495	19.8
(4.3 Liter)					
Diesel Century*	42	26	697	432	16.6
(4.3 Liter)					



BUICK
Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

WHY I'M A UNITED WAY VOLUNTEER



GREGORY FALLS

Home: Seattle, Washington

Career: Artistic Director

Age: 57

Married: Four children

Interests: Drama, writing, travel
and volunteering for United Way

"Getting involved is more than signing a pledge card once a year. It means giving some time.

"Between my job and my family, I don't have much time to give. But I do know the hours I devote to United Way make a difference. A real difference.

"That's because United Way is an organization that works. It's made up of all kinds of people—volunteers—working hard and making tough decisions to meet the community's human care needs.

"More than anything, United Way takes me out of the make-believe world I work in, into the drama of human life.

"Volunteering for United Way is more than what I ask of myself, it's what I owe myself... and my community."



Thanks to you...it works...for ALL OF US **United Way**

19TH HOLE continued

Sir:

As a subscriber and a runner, I found amusing Alberto Salazar's affection for ferocious dogs. Dogs have to be one of the two worst enemies of the runner (The automobile is the other.) Maybe Alberto moves too fast for any dog to catch, or perhaps there is not enough meat on those bones to interest a dog?

GERALD A. ALFANO
Houston

BIG DEAL

Sir:

Guess who's going to pay for the great deal NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle got from the networks (TV/RADIO, March 29)? We are, through increased costs of everything that's advertised on pro football telecasts—at a time when a lot of people are taking cuts in wages or are getting no pay at all.

JENEANE GOORHOUSE
Wyoming, Mich.

Sir:

So Pete Rozelle negotiated a lucrative TV contract for the NFL. Now let's see him work out an agreement between the owners and players so that there is football to televise.

STEVEN CONDON
Framingham, Mass.

WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE

Sir:

As a swimming coach I particularly enjoyed your March 29 issue. First a feature on the remarkable swimmer Craig Bardsley (A Little Water Music, Please) and then results of both the NCAA and the AAUW championships and two FACES IN THE CROWD, Kim and Mark Rhodenbaugh. Even a picture of a golfer, Jerry Pate, in the water! Thanks for giving swimming a little coverage.

JIM GRIFFIN
Pleasanton, Calif.

RECOVERING ALCOHOLICS

Sir:

Twice in his BOOKTALK (March 29) Staff Writer Jim Kaplan used the term "recovered alcoholic." There is no such person, nor will there ever be such a person.

The time has come for the public to understand once and for all that alcoholism is incurable, it can only be arrested. While it's arrested or in remission—and it can be in that condition for a lifetime—the victim of this illness refers to himself as a "recovering alcoholic."

This may appear to be splitting hairs, but the sooner this insidious disease is more thoroughly understood, the sooner more of the rehabilitation and prevention programs mentioned in Kaplan's article will be established throughout the country.

Name and address
withheld by request

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



"I gave my daughter a driving tip." Bridgestone SuperFiller Radials

"I've been giving my daughter, Lesley, tips on driving. I told her to make it comfortable on the tee. And I told her that if she was going to drive a car, she needed premium performance tires. That's why I put Bridgestone SuperFiller steel-belted radials on her car."

"The Bridgestone SuperFiller Radial has a super hard rubber SuperFiller insert in the bead area, up near the rim. This lets the sidewall flex easy. So there's a big footprint of rubber on the road for premium performance starting, stopping and cornering."

"This ability of the sidewall to flex easy also makes the tire ride comfortably."

The little humps seem to disappear with Bridgestone SuperFiller Radials."

"Get Bridgestone SuperFiller Radials. They have a big footprint for a good grip and surefootedness. And they have the kind of comfort that makes for a relaxing drive."

"Take a driving tip from me. Get comfort and performance on the road with Bridgestone SuperFiller Radials. You can feel it when you drive."



"You can feel it when you drive."

BRIDGESTONE

©1992 Bridgestone Tire Company of America, Inc. Torrance, CA.

Merit "Easy Switch"

National Smoker Study confirms MERIT taste sparks switch from higher tar brands.

The bottom line: taste. That's the result of the latest wave of research with smokers who have switched from higher tar cigarettes to "Enriched Flavor," MERIT.

MERIT Earns Taste Trophy.

Nationwide survey reveals over 90% of MERIT smokers who switched from higher tar are *glad they did*. In fact, 94% don't even miss their former brands.

Further Evidence: 9 out of 10 former higher tar smokers report MERIT an *easy switch*, that they *didn't give up taste in switching*, and that MERIT is the *best-tasting low tar they've ever tried*.

Year after year, in study after study, MERIT remains unbeaten. The proven taste alternative to higher tar smoking—is MERIT.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1992

MERIT
Kings & 100's

Kings: 7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—
100's Men: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Dec 81